THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING HIS

SATIRES, ESSAY ON MAN, MORAL ESSAYS, AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

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SATIRES

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF

HORACE IMITATED;

AND

SATIRES OF DR. DONNE VERSIFIED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occaſion of publiſhing theſe *Imitations* was the clamour raiſed on ſome of my *Epiſtles*. An anſwer from HORACE was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own perſon; and the example of much greater freedom in ſo eminent a divine as Dr. DONNE, ſeemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat vice or folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a ſtation. Both theſe authors were acceptable to the *princes* and *miniſters* under whom they lived. The ſatires of Dr. Donne I verſified, at the deſire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of Shrewſbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a ſatire on vitious courts as any reflection on thoſe they ſerved in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are ſo apt to fall into, and knaves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a *ſatiriſt* for a *libeller*; whereas, to a *true ſatiriſt* nothing is ſo odious as a *libeller*, for the ſame reaſon as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is ſo hateful as a *hypocrite*.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

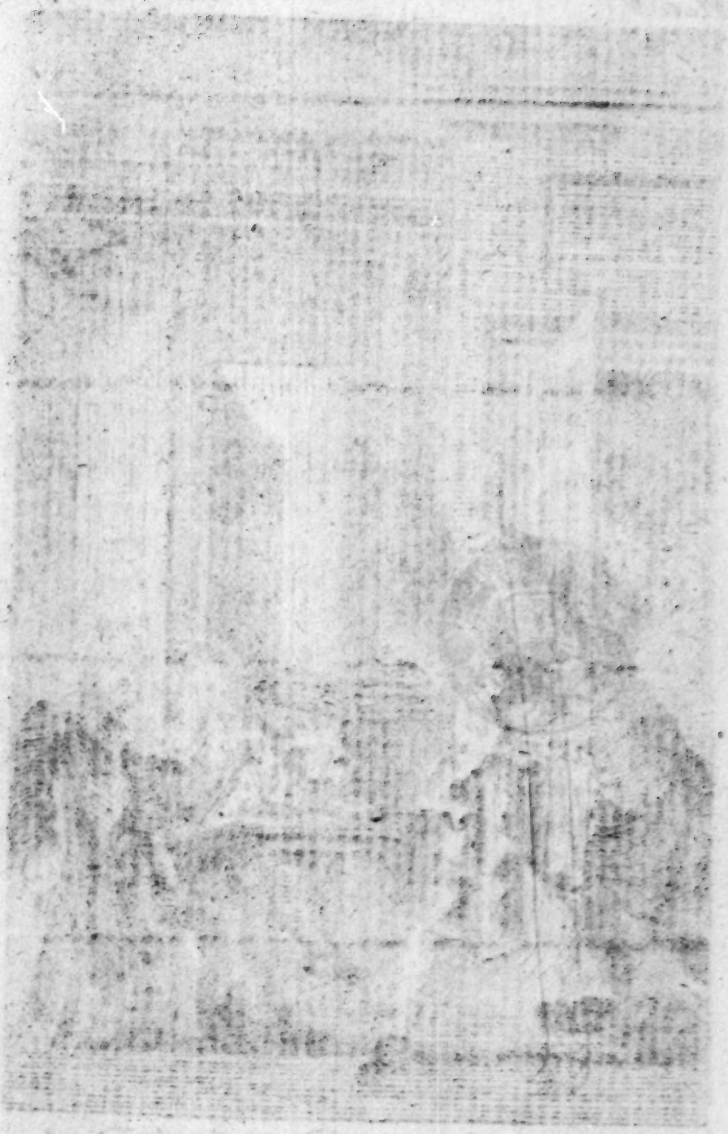
First Publication of the following EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune, [the authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a nobleman at Hampton-Court*,] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my *person*, *morals*, and *family*; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own lazinesS to undertake so aukward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *truth* and the *sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vitious* or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their *names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

EPISTLE



Shut, shut the Door good John, Satyrid I said
Tye up the Knocker, say I'm sick I'm dead.
Cp. to Arbuthnot

T. Thom. Sc.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tie up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
No place is ſacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at dinner-time.
Is there a parſon, much be-mus'd in beer, 15
A maudlin poeteſs, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a ſtanza, when he ſhould *ingroſs?*

NOTES.

ARBUTHNOT.] At the time of publiſhing this epiſtle, Mr. Pope's patience was quite worn out by the impertinence of ſcribblers of all ranks and conditions; as well thoſe who courted his favour, as thoſe who envied his reputation; ſo that he had reſolved to quit his hands of both together, by publiſhing a Dunciad. This deſign he communicated to his friend Dr. Arbuthnot; who, as Mr. Pope's friend and phyſician, was ſolicitous of his eaſe and health, and therefore unwilling he ſhould provoke ſo powerful a party. Their difference of opinion occaſioned this dialogue; in which the author has interwoven an apology for his moral and poetic character.

Ver. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful ſervant; whom he has remembered, under that character, in his will, vol. vi.

Ver. 13. *Mint*] A place to which inſolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there ſuffered to afford one another, from the perſecution of their creditors.

Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and, in humble ſtrain,
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope, 25
And curſes wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong),
What *drop* or *noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped.
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace; 35
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years." 40
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *Arthur*,] Arthur Moore, Eſq;

Ver. 38. *honeſt anguiſh*,] *i. e.* undiſſembled.

Ibid. *an aching head*;] Alluding to the diſorder he was then ſo conſtantly afflicted with.

Ver. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes*,] An alluſion to thoſe words of Milton.

"Dictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
"Eaſy my unpremeditated verſe."

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his ſempſtreſs' praiſe—

Ver. 29. in the firſt edition,

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curſe!
Say, is their anger, or their friendſhip worſe?

"The

" The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it; 45
" I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My friendſhip, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: " You know his Grace,
" I want a patron; aſk him for a place." 50
Pitholeon libell'd me—" But here's a letter
" Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
" Dare you refuſe him? Curll invites to dine,
" He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn divine."
Bleſs me! a packet—" 'Tis a ſtranger ſues, 55
" A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, " Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, " Commend it to the ſtage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, " 'Sdeath I'll print it,
" And ſhame the fools—Your int'reſt, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks; 65
At laſt he whiſpers; " Do; and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtraight I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when Midas' ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a king), 70

NOTES.

Ver. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a fooliſh poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. *Schol. in Horat. l. i.* Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæſar alſo. *See* notes on *Hor. ſat.* 10. *l. i.*

Ver. 69. '*Tis ſung, when Midas*', &c.] He means ſung by Perſius; and the words alluded to are,

" Vidi, vidi ipſe, libelle!
" Auriculas aſini Mida Rex habet."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. in the MS.

If you refuſe, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.

Ver. 60. In the former edition,

Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.

His very miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his queen), was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face? 74
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
I'd never name queens, miniſters, or kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs: 80
The truth once told, (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel; take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a ſcribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew: 90
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer, 95
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colley ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-maſons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one biſhop Philips ſeem a wit? 100

NOTES.

Ver. 72. *Queen*] The ſtory is told, by ſome, of his barber; but by Chaucer, of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's tale in Dryden's fables.

Ver. 80. *That ſecret to each fool, that he's an aſs:*] *i. e.* that his ears (his marks of folly) are viſible.

Ver. 88. Alluding to Horace,

" Si fractus illabatur orbis,
" Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

Ver. 98. *Free-Maſons Moore?*] He was of this ſociety, and frequently headed their proceſſions.

Still

Still Sappho—*A.* Hold; for God's ſake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe—*P.* One flatt'rer's worſe than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent*.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
This prints my *letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe! ſubſcribe!"
There are, who to my perſon pay their court: 115
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am ſhort;
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and, "Sir, you have an eye,"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my betters, met in me. 120

NOTES.

Ver. 118. *Sir, you have an eye*—] It is remarkable, that amongſt theſe compliments upon his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his eye, which was fine, ſharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was ſome ground for commendation, as when there was none.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111. in the MS.

For ſong, for ſilence ſome expect a bribe;
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe! ſubſcribe!"
Time, praiſe, or money, is the leaſt they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

After ver. 124. in the MS.

But, friend, this ſhape, which you and Curll * admire,
Came not from Ammon's ſon, but from my ſire †:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuſe,
I had it from my mother ‡, not the Muſe.
Happy, if he, in whom theſe frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curll ſet up his head for a ſign. † His father was crooked.
‡ His mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

Say

Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
" Juſt ſo immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great *Homer* died three thouſand years ago.
Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown 125
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd. 130
The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long diſeaſe, my life,
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preſerv'd, to bear.
But why then publiſh? *Granville* the polite, 135
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;

NOTES.

Ver. 127. *As yet a child*, &c.] Mr. Pope began to write verſes farther back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's Homer fell in his way, and delighted him extremely; and ſoon after Sandy's Ovid. He was then ſo charmed with theſe books, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure ever after. About ten, he turned the tranſactions of the Iliad into a play, made up of ſpeeches from Ogilby's tranſlation, tacked together with verſes of his own; and had the addreſs to perſuade his ſchoolfellows to act it. At twelve he went with his father into Windſor foreſt; and then got firſt acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spenſer, and Dryden. On the firſt ſight of Dryden, he found he had what we wanted. His poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learned the whole magic of his verſification. In that year he began an epic poem, which Bp. Atterbury long afterwards perſuaded him to burn. He wrote too, in thoſe early days, a comedy and tragedy, the latter taken from a ſtory in the legend of St. Genevieve; both which underwent the ſame fate. As he began his paſtorals ſoon after, he uſed to ſay pleaſantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who ſays, " Cum canerem reges et prœlia," &c. Ecl. 6. ver. 3. &c.

Ver. 130. *no father diſobey'd*] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his father, though no poet, would ſet him to make Engliſh verſes. He was pretty difficult to pleaſe, and would often ſend the boy back to new-turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleaſure in them, and would ſay, " Theſe are good rhymes."

Well-

Well natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swiſt* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head, 140
And *St. John*'s ſelf, (great *Dryden*'s friends before),
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream. 150
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſat ſtill.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print, 155
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did ſome more ſober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.

NOTES.

Ver. 139. *Talbot*, &c.] All theſe were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a ſcandalous libel againſt him, intitled, *Dryden's ſatire to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the author charges the publication of his firſt pieces: perſons with whom he was converſant (and he adds beloved) at ſixteen or ſeventeen years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Paſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of cenſure in the lines following,

While pure deſcription held the place of ſenſe? *&c.*

Ver. 146. *Burnets*, &c.] Authors, ſays Mr. Pope, of ſecret and ſcandalous hiſtory;—but by no means, ſays Mr. Warburton, of the ſame claſs, though the violence of party might hurry them into the ſame miſtake. If the firſt (adds he) offended this way, it was only through an honeſt warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent underſtanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts ſtill worſe.

Ver. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream*, is a verſe of Mr. Addiſon.

Pains,

Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence;
And all they want, is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe. 160
Commas and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables, 165
Ev'n ſuch ſmall critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpeare*'s name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs*?
The bard whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half-a-crown, 180
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;
He, who ſtill wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning, 185
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:

NOTES.

Ver. 164. *ſlaſhing Bentley*] This great man, ſays Mr. Warburton, with all his faults, deſerved to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero deſcribe him not amiſs: "Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis verſutum et ſollers: "ſed ſæpe ſtomachoſum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam "facetum."

Ver. 173. *Were others angry:*] The poets.

Ver. 180. *a Perſian tale*] Ambroſe Philips tranſlated a book called the *Perſian Tales*.

All

All these, my modest satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such poets made a *Tate*. 190
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;

Bless'd

NOTES.

Ver. 189. *All these, my modest satire bade* translate,] See their works, in the translation of classical books by several hands.

Ver. 190. *nine such poets*, &c.] Alluding, not to the nine Muses, but to nine tailors.

Ver. 192. *And swear, not* ADDISON *himself was safe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following transition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourably of the severity of the satire, by those who were strangers to the provocation.

Ver. 193. *But were there one whose fires*, &c.] Mr. Pope's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both sides, with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and constant intercourse of good offices. Mr. Addison was always commending moderation, warned his friend against a blind attachment to party, and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription; but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest his own, (see note on verse 215. 1. Ep. B. 2. of Hor. in this volume); and when Dennis so brutally attacked the tragedy of Cato, he wrote the piece called "A Narrative of his Madness."

Thus things continued, till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius in poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (see his letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the Examiners; and, under an affected care for the government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. The Rape of the Lock had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of miscellanies. The success it met with, encouraged the author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air, which was done by advancing it into a mock epic poem. In order to this it was to have its machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the Rosicrusian system. Full of this noble conception, he communicated it to Mr. Addison, who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the

Bless'd with each talent, and each art to please, 195
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200

Damn

NOTE.

mortification to have his friend receive it coldly; and more, to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal*. Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend, and then first began to open his eyes to his character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the Iliad appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver: and after a diligent inquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced, that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new version in a severe critic upon it. I have now by me the copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendour of his own work, so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due to it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's superior talents in poetry had hurt him, and to such a degree, that he had underhand encouraged Gildon to write a thing about Wycherley, in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in a great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour; which, however, he should not imitate; but that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face; and what deserved praise, he would not deny him to the world: and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed, which was the character, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from

Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like CATO, give his little ſenate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe; 210
While wits and templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!
What tho' my name ſtood rubric on the walls, 215
Or plaſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Aſian monarchs, from their ſight: 220
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town, 225
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;

NOTES.

this time to his death, which happened about three years after.

Ver. 216. *claps, in capitals?*] The bills of quack-doctors and quack-bookſellers, being uſually paſted together on the ſame poſts.

Ver. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the 18th Pſalm.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt.

Alluding to Mr. P's and Tickell's tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad.

Nor at rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Buſo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Buſo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His library (where buſts of poets dead, 235
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat: 240
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe;
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the *Great* have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.

May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Buſo* ſtill! 250
So when a ſtateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
Or ſimple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!

NOTES.

Ver. 236.—*a true Pindar ſtood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs *trunks* and *terms* of ſtatues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, *&c. Vide Fulv. Urſin.* &c.

Ver. 248.—*help'd to bury*] Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral beſtowed upon him by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of quality.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 234. in the MS.

To bards reciting he vouchſaf'd a nod,
And ſnuff'd their incenſe like a gracious god.

Bleſs'd

Bless'd be the *Great!* for those they take away, 255
And those they left me; for they left me GAY;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too! 261
(To live and die is all I have to do):
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend 265
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270
Why am I ask'd, what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt"
(Cries prating *Balbus*) "something will come out." 276
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280
Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my *style?*

Curs'd

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus great and good?
A. You did so lately, was it understood?
Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D——s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.

Curs'd be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear, 285
Or from the ſoft-ey'd virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in diſtreſs;
Who loves a lie, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out: 290
That fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet, abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame;
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you Friend, 295
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lie not, muſt at leaſt betray;
Who to the *Dean*, and *ſilver bell* can ſwear,
And ſees at *Canons* what was never there; 300
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make ſatire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babbling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let *Sporus* tremble.—*A.* What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of aſs's milk? 306
Satire or ſenſe, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings; 310

NOTES.

Ver. 299. *Who to the* Dean, *and* ſilver-bell, *&c.*] Meaning the man who would have perſuaded the Duke of Chandos, that Mr. Pope meant him in thoſe circumſtances ridiculed in the epiſtle on *Taſte*. *See* Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter, vol. iv.

VARIATIONS.

P. No—the high taſk to lift up kings to gods.
Leave to court-ſermons, and to birth-day odes.
On themes like theſe, ſuperior far to thine,
Let laurel'd Cibber and great Arnal ſhine.
Why write at all?—*A.* Yes, ſilence if you keep,
The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

Whoſe

Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray, 315
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way;
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad, 320
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile antitheſis. 325
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now ſtruts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt, 330
A cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt.
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.
Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
Not proud, nor ſervile; be one poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flatt'ry, even to kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a lie in verſe or proſe the ſame,
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
But ſtoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:

That

NOTES.

Ver. 319. *See* Milton, book iv.

Ver. 320. *Half froth,*] Alluding to thoſe frothy excretions called by the people *Toad-ſpits*, ſeen in ſummer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young inſects which lie hid in the midſt of them, for their preſervation, while in their helpleſs ſtate.

Ver. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we conſider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the moſt poetic imagination could give to a great genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter, dated Oct.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed:
The tale reviv'd, the lie ſo oft o'erthrown, 350
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape;
The libell'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355
The whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the paſt:
For thee, fair *Virtue!* welcome ev'n the *laſt!*

NOTES.

15, 1726, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris. "I intend to ſend you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, the beſt poet of England, and at preſent of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the Engliſh tongue, to be ſenſible of all the charms of his work. For my part, I look upon his poem called the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* as ſuperior to the *Art of Poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Deſpreaux. I never ſaw ſo amiable an imagination, ſo gentle graces, ſo great variety, ſo much wit, and ſo refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance."

Ver. 350. *the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received ſubſcriptions for Shakeſpeare; that he ſet his name to Mr. Broome's verſes, *&c.* which, though publicly diſproved, were nevertheleſs ſhameleſsly repeated in the libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epiſtle.*

Ver. 351. *Th' imputed traſh,*] Such as profane *pſalms, court-poems,* and other ſcandalous things, printed in his name by Curll and others.

Ver. 354. *Abuſe on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,*] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bently, and other obſcure perſons.

A. But

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360
P. A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer;
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay, has rhym'd for *Moore*.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted*'s lie. 375
To please a mistress one aspers'd his life:
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife;
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;

Let

NOTES.

Ver. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the author of the *Dunciad* published that poem; till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.

Ver. 375. *Welsted's lie.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. Pope had occasioned a *lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published, that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom it was added that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds:* the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. Pope never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *any great man* whatsoever.

Ver. 378. *Let Budgel*] Budgel, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *last will* of Dr. Tindal, in the *Grubstreet Journal;* a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.

Ver. 379. *except his will;*] alluding to Tindal's will: by which,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit:

Let the two *Curlls* of town and court, abuſe 380
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and Muſe.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James Moore!* 385

NOTES.

and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the excluſion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himſelf almoſt the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

Ver. 381. *His father, mother,* &c.] In ſome of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was ſaid to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt. But, what is ſtranger, a *nobleman* (if ſuch a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called *An Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity:* and the following line,

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obſcure,

had fallen from a like *courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole heireſs married the Earl of Lindſey.—His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Eſq; of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; ſhe in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finiſhed. The following inſcription was placed by their ſon on their monument, in the pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex:

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHÆ. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMÆ. QUÆ. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBUS. BENEMERENTIBUS. FILIUS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI.

VARIATIONS.

Safe, as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
He writ no libels, but my lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where woman's is the ſin, and man's the ſhame.

Unſpotted

Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in ſong.
Of gentle blood, (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung.—*A.* What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own; 390
And better got, than *Beſtia*'s from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no ſtrife,
Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age. 395
No courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honeſt, by experience wiſe, 400
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine! 406
Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 405. in the MS.

And of myſelf too, ſomething muſt I ſay?
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day;
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an author: critic, yet polite,
And friend to learning, yet too wiſe to write.

Preſerve

Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene, 416
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

Ver. 417. *And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a Queen.*] A compliment to his friend's real and unaffected diſintereſtedneſs, when he was the favourite phyſician of Queen Anne.

Ver. 418. A. *Whether that bleſſing*, &c.] He makes his friend cloſe the dialogue with a ſentiment very expreſſive of that religious reſignation which was the character both of his temper, and his piety.

SATIRES

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED.

HORACE,

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
(*a*) There are, to whom my ſatire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
(*b*) The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay, 5
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a-day.

HORATII,

LIB. II. SAT. I.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

H. (*a*) SUNT quibus in ſatira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus: (*b*) ſine nervis altera, quidquid

Tim'rous

Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
(*c*) I come to council learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a fee. 10
F. (*d*) I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
(*e*) And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life. 15
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a wife:
(*f*) Or rather, truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine; *probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus; Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes. 20
(*g*) Or, if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's praiſe,
(*h*) You'll gain at leaſt a *knighthood*, or the *bays*.

Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deducî poſſe. (*c*) Trebati,
Quid faciam? præſcribe.
T. (*d*) Quieſcas.
H. Ne faciam, inquis.
Omnino verſus?
T. Aio.
H. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: (*e*) verum nequeo dormire.
T. (*f*) Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
(*g*) Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
CÆSARIS invicti res dicere, (*h*) multa laborum
Præmia laturus.

NOTES.

Ver. 20. *Hartſhorn,*] This was intended as a pleaſantry on the novelty of the preſcription.

P. What?

P. What? like Sir (*i*) Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK, crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder, 25
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuſs, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horſe?
F. (*k*) Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let CAROLINA ſmooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow thro' all the Royal line.
P. (*l*) Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureat* twice a-year;

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: (*i*) neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* deſcribat vulnera *Parthi*.
T. (*k*) Attamen et juſtum poteras et ſcribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.
H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: (*l*) niſi *dextro tempore*, Flacci

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *What? like Sir Richard*, &c.] Mr. Molyneux, a great mathematician and philoſopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. "All our Engliſh poets, except Milton," (ſays he, in a letter to Mr. Locke), "have been mere ballad-makers in compariſon of him." And Mr. Locke, in anſwer to this obſervation, replies, "I find, with pleaſure, a ſtrange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine." Juſt ſo a Roman lawyer and a Greek hiſtorian thought of the poetry of Cicero. But theſe being judgments made by men out of their own profeſſion, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully paſs for poetaſters to the world's end.

Ver. 28. *falling horſe?*] The horſe on which his Majeſty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to *history* he trusts for praise.
F. (*m*) Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
(*n*) Even those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail 'em?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. (*o*) Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
(*p*) F— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another. 50
(*q*) I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:

Verba per attentam non ibunt *Cæsaris* aurem:
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
T. (*m*) Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
(*n*) Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est *intactus*, et odit.
H. (*o*) Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.
(*p*) Castor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia. (*q*) me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, nostrûm melioris utroque.

In

NOTES.

Ver. 46. *Darty his ham-pye;*] This lover of ham-pye owned the fidelity of the poet's pencil; and said, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of ham-pye, he had given him sweet-pye, he never could have pardoned him.

Ver. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:*] They had this indeed in common, to use great liberties of speech, and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had many qualities,

In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The ſoul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear, 55
Will prove at leaſt the medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reſerve it for the next: 60
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
(r) Verſe-man or proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between, 65
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
(s) Satire's my weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70

Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, (r) Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta] (s) ſed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus: quem cur deſtringere coner,

NOTES.

that have gained him the love and eſteem of his readers: the other had one, which always gained him the favourable attention of his hearers. For, as a celebrated Roman orator obſerves, "Maledicit INERUDITUS apertius et ſæpius, cum periculo etiam "ſuo. Affert et iſta res OPINIONEM, quia libentiſſime homines "audiunt ea quæ dicere *ipſi* noluiſſent."

(*t*) I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, ſupercargoes, ſharpers, and directors.
(*u*) Save but our *army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
(*x*) Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore. 76
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
(*y*) Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burden of ſome merry ſong. 80
(*z*) Slander or poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page:
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate;
P—x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

(*t*) Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? (*u*) O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,
Nec quiſquam noceat (*x*) cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo),
(*y*) Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.
(*z*) Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes:

NOTES.

Ver. 72. *Thieves, ſupercargoes,*] The names at that time uſually beſtowed on thoſe whom the trading companies ſent with their ſhips and intruſted with their concerns abroad.

Ver. 73. *Save but our army!* &c.] "Une maladie nouvelle (ſays the admirable author de L'eſprit de loix) s'eſt répandue en Europe; elle a ſaiſi nos princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre deſordonné de troupes. Elle a ſes redoublemens, et elle devient *neceſſairement contagieuſe.* Car ſi-tot qu'un état augmente ce qu'il appelle ſes troupes, les autres ſoudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu'on ne gagne rien parlà que la ru ne commune. Chaque Monarque tient ſur pied toutes les armées qu'il pourroit avoir ſi ſes peuples étoient en danger d'être exterminés; et *on nomme paix cet état d'effort de tous contre tous.* Auſſi l'Europe eſt elle ſi ruïnée, que les particuliers, qui ſeroient dans la ſituation où ſont les trois puiſſances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous ſommes pauvres avec les richeſſes et le commerce de tout l'univers; et bientôt, à force d'avoir des ſoldats, nous n'aurons plus que des ſoldats, et nous ſerons comme des Tartares."

Its

(*a*) Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85
Bulls aim their horns, and aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by pug.
(*b*) So drink with Waters, or with Chartres * eat;
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat. 90
(*c*) Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort),
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
Whether old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd, 95
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
(*d*) Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100
(*e*) *F.* Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their teſters, now, to take your life!
P. (*f*) What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men; 106

(*a*) Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum? (*b*) Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos:)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
(*c*) Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Exſpectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, ſeu fors ita juſſerit, exſul;
(*d*) Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.
T. (*e*) O puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.
H. (*f*) Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus

* See note on Moral Eſſays, epiſt. 3. v. 20.

Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws? 110
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureat Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not (*g*) strip the gilding off a knave, 115
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
(*g*) *Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* qua quisque per ora
Cederet, *introrsum turpis*; num Lælius, et qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
I will,

NOTES.

Ver. 116. *Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers. Lord Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design; for so great a genius (he says) ought not to be confined to translation. He always used Mr. Pope civilly; and would often express his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a place. At the same time, he never spoke one word of a pension. For this offer he was solely indebted to the Whig ministers. In the beginning of George I. Lord Halifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern, that so good a poet had never been distinguished; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him; and if he chused to accept it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a letter to repeat his thanks; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the pension with much indifference. So the thing dropt till Mr. Craggs came into the ministry. The affair of the pension was then resumed. And the minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr Pope, that three hundred pounds a-year was then at his service: he had the management of the secret-service money, and could pay him such a pension, without its being known or ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation: only, in return for so friendly a proposal he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted money, he would draw upon him for a 100l. or 200l. which liberty, notwithstanding, he never took. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120
(*h*) To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
(*i*) There, my retreat the best companions grace, 125
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There, ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain, 130
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;
Scilicet (*h*) UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.
(*i*) Quin ubi se a *vulgo* et *scena* in *secreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis *sapientia Læli*,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.
Quidquid sum ego, quamvis

NOTES.

him on this head; and urged the conveniency of a chariot; which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of: but the precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an equipage; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support.

Ver. 129. *And* HE, *whose lightning*, &c.] Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplished the conquest of Valentia.

Envy

(*k*) *Envy* must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats, 135
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are *mob* to me. 140
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
(*l*) What saith my council, learned in the laws?
F. (*m*) Your plea is good; but still I say, Beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
(*n*) Consult the statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi Sext. or *prim. et quint. Elis.*
See *libels*, *satires*—here you have it—read.
P. (*o*) *Libels* and *satires!* lawless things indeed! 150

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
(*k*) Cum *magnis vixisse* invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido;
(*l*) nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati*,
Dissentis.
T. (*m*) Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotii
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:
(*n*) "*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est*
"*Judiciumque.*"
H. Esto, siquis (*o*) *mala.* sed *bona* si quis

NOTES.

Ver. 146. *A man was hang'd*, &c.] *Si mala condiderit.*——The Baron de Montesquieu explains this matter very truly. "L'Aristocratie est le gouvernement qui proscrit le plus les ouvrages "satiriques. Les magistrats y sont de petits souverains, qui ne sont "pas assez grands pour mepriser le injures. Si dans la monarchie "quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il est si haut que le trait "n'arrive point jusqu' à lui; un Seigneur Aristocratique en est "percé de part en part. Aussi les *decemvirs*, qui formoient "une Aristocratie, punirent-ils de mort les ecrits satiriques." *De L'esprit des Loix*, *l.* xii. *c.* 13.

But

But grave *epiſtles*, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a biſhop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—
F. Indeed?
The caſe is alter'd—you may then proceed;
(*p*) In ſuch a cauſe the plaintiff will be hiſs'd, 155
My lords the judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

Judice condiderit laudatus CÆSARE? ſi quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe?
T. (*p*) Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis.

THE

THE

SECOND SATIRE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF

HORACE.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. BETHEL*.

(a) WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a chearful heart;
(b) (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine);
Let's talk, my friends, but talk (c) before we dine.
(e) Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride 5
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
(d) But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

SATIRA II.

(a) QUÆ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(b) (Nec meus hic sermo: sed qua præcepit Ofellus,
Rusticus, (d) *abnormis* sapiens, *crassaque Minerva*)
Discite. (e) non inter lances *mensasque nitentes*;
Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
(c) Verum hic *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis

* The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's letters are addressed, vol. vi.

(*h*) Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
(*i*) Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd;)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
(*k*) Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
(*l*) Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat),

Corruptus judex. (*h*) Leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum græcari) seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:
Cum labor extulerit fastidia; siccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem:* nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. (*i*) foris est promus, et atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Qui partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in *teipso* est. tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
(*k*) Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis quin
Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum?
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus an alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? (*l*) laudas insane, *trilibrem*

Yet

Yet for ſmall turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
(*m*) Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endu'd, 25
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, (*n*) ſouth-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink? 30
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
(*o*) Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee; 35
Thus much is left of old ſimplicity!

Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.
Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe *lupos?* quia ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.
(*m*) *Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
(*n*) Præſentes Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia: quamquam
Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum ſollicitat ſtomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. (*o*) necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigriſque eſt *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni præconis erat acipenſere menſa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *Oldfield,*] This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a-year in the ſimple luxury of good eating.

Ver. 26. *a whole hog barbecu'd!* &c.] A Weſt Indian term of gluttony, a hog roaſted whole, ſtuffed with ſpice, and baſted with Madeira wine.

The

(*p*) The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Becca-ficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer. 40
(*q*) Let me extol a cat, on oyſters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
(*r*) 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other;
Between exceſs and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; tho' not ſplendid, clean.
(*s*) Avidien, or his wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a (*t*) dog, and her a bitch), 50
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
(*u*) One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome (*u*) lucky day (as when they found 55
A loſt bank-bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, (*y*) old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear:

(*p*) Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *prætorius*. ergo
(*q*) Si quis nunc *mergos* ſuaves edixerit *aſſos*,
Parebit parvi docilis *Romana juventas*.
(*r*) Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Oſello
Judice: nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud,
Si te alio pravus detorſeris. (*s*) Avidienus,
(*t*) Cui *canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas eſt, et ſylveſtria corna;
(*u*) Ac, niſi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aleoſque dierum
(*x*) *Feſtos* albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Calibus inſtillat, (*y*) *veteris non parcus aceti*.

NOTES.

Ver. 42. *Bedford-head*;] A famous eating-houſe.

Oil, though it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60
(*z*) He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor (*a*) ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like (*b*) Nævius, ev'ry error paſs, 65
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
(*c*) Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing):
(*d*) Firſt health: the ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh, 70
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft (*e*) the ſchool boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
(*f*) How pale each worſhipful and rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a clergy, or a city-feaſt! 75
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?

Quali igitur victu ſupiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
(*z*) Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. (*a*) Hic neque *ſervis*
Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec ſic ut ſimplex (*b*) Nævius, *unctam*
Convivis præbebit *aquam*; vitium hoc quoque magnum.
(*c*) Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum
Afferat. (*d*) In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcæ,
Quæ ſimplex (*e*) olim tibi ſederit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret petuita. (*f*) Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis *animum* quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinæ particulam auræ*.

The

The ſoul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound divines. 80
(*g*) On morning-wings, how active ſprings the mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the poet ev'ry Muſe?
(*h*) Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time, 85
Or tir'd in ſearch of truth, or ſearch of rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more the ſickneſs of long life, old age;
(*i*) For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the veſſel drains? 90
(*k*) Our fathers prais'd rank ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo; a buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt; 94
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
(*l*) Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
(*m*) That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear; 100

(*g*) Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
(*h*) Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive *diem* feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus*: ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius ætas*
Imbecilla volet. (*i*) Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam,
Quam puer et validus præſumis, mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?
(*k*) *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia naſus
Illis nullus erat; ſed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hoſpes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integram edax dominus conſumeret. (*l*) hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet.
(*m*) Das aliquid *famæ*, quæ *carmine gratior* aurem

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong).
Who has not learn'd, (*n*) freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
Curs'd by thy (*o*) neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And (*p*) buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well. 110
(*q*) "Right," cries his Lordſhip, "for a rogue in need
"To have a taſte is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the ſun, let (*r*) Bounty ſpread her ray, 115
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh impudence of Wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the (*s*) new-built churches round thee fall?
Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall: 120
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five *per cent*.
(*t*) Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.

Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque.
Grande ferunt una (*n*) cum *damno dedecus*. adde
(*o*) Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
(*p*) As, *laquei* pretium.
(*q*) Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. (*r*) Ergo,
Quod *ſuperat*, non eſt *melius quo* inſumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus *quiſquam*, te divite? quare
(*s*) *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid *patriæ* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?
(*t*) O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uterne

And

And (*u*) who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he 125
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd proſperity,
Or bleſs'd with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
(*x*) Thus Bethel ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In ſouth-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The lord of thouſands, than if now (*y*) *excis'd*;
In foreſt planted by a father's hand, 135
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On (*z*) brocoli and mutton, round the year:
But (*a*) ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
'Tis true, no (*b*) turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:

(*u*) Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus aſſuêrit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
(*x*) Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus *Ofellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius uſum,
Quam nunc (*y*) *acciſis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temeri edi luce profeſta
Quidquam, præter (*z*) *olus* fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.
Ac mihi ſeu (*a*) *longum poſt tempus* venerat hoſpes,
Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non (*b*) *piſcibus* urbe petitis,

NOTES.

Ver. 133. *In ſouth-ſea days not happier*, &c.] Mr. Pope had ſouth-ſea ſtock, which he did not ſell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thouſand pounds when it fell.

(*c*) From yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall; 145
(*d*) And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The devil's in you if you cannot dine:
Then (*e*) chearful healths (your miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a poet ſhall ſay grace. 150
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt!
My life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after (*f*) ſtanding armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone: 155
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt). 160
"Pray Heav'n it laſt! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one, 165
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

Sed *pullo* atque *hædo*: tum (*c*) *penſilis uva* ſecundas
Et *nux* ornabat menſas, cum (*d*) *duplice ficu*.
Poſt hoc ludas erat (*e*) cuppa potare magiſtra:
Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.
Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius, *aut vos*,
O pueri, nituiſtis, ut hoc (*f*) *novus incola* venit?
What's

NOTES.

Ver. 165. *Well, if the uſe be mine*, &c.] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he ſays, "My landlady, Mrs. Vernon, being dead, this garden and houſe are offered me in ſale; "and, I believe, (together with the cottages on each ſide my graſs-"plot next the Thames), will come at about a thouſand pounds. "If I thought any particular friend would be pleaſed to live in it "after my death, (for, as it is, it ſerves all my purpoſes as well

What's (*g*) *Property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to (*h*) Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir; 170
Or in pure (*i*) equity (the caſe not clear)
The chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome (*k*) ungracious ſon,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
(*l*) Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 175
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a ſcriv'ner or a city-knight.
(*m*) Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill. 180

Nam (*g*) *propriæ telluris* heram natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut (*h*) nequities aut (*i*) *vafri inſcitia juris*,
Poſtremum expellet certe (*k*) *vivacior heres*,
(*l*) Nunc ager *Umbreni ſub nomine*, nuper *Oſelli*
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. quocirca (*m*) vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

" during life), I would purchaſe it; and more particularly could
" I hope two things, That the friend who ſhould like it, was ſo
" much younger and healthier than myſelf, as to have a proſpect
" of its continuing his ſome years longer, than I can of its con-
" tinuing mine. But moſt of thoſe I love are travelling out of
" the world, not into it; and unleſs I have ſuch a view given me,
" I have no vanity nor pleaſure that does not ſtop ſhort of the
" grave."—So that we ſee, what ſome of his friends would not believe, his thoughts in proſe and verſe were the ſame.

Ver. 177. *proud Buckingham's*, &c.] Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

THE

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF

HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why (*b*) will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my age! 5
See modest (*c*) Cibber now has left the stage:
Our gen'rals now, (*d*) retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden-gates,
In Life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor (*e*) fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
(*b*) Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. (*c*) Veianius, armis
(*d*) Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum (*e*) extrema toties exoret arena.

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *Sabbath of my days? i. e.*] the 49th year, the age of the author.

Ver. 10. *ev'n in* BRUNSWICK's *cause.*] In the former editions it was *Britain's cause.* But the terms are synonimous.

(*f*) A voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear),
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your (*g*) Muse take
" breath,
" And never gallop Pegasus to death;
" Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
" You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."
Farewell then (*h*) verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What (*i*) right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all: 20
To lay this (*k*) harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not to what (*l*) doctors I apply?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the (*m*) storm, at any door I knock: 25
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke,

(*f*) Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
Solve (*g*) senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat
Nunc itaque et (*h*) versus, et *cetera ludicra* pono:
Quid (*i*) verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in
hoc sum:
(*k*) Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.
Ac ne forte roges, (*l*) quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
(*m*) Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.

Sometimes

NOTES.

Ver. 16. *You limp like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse.*] The fame of this heavy poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the city of London. His versification is here exactly described: Stiff, and not strong; stately, and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humourously opposed to Pegasus.

Ver. 26. *And house with* Montagne *now, and now with* Locke.]

Sometimes a (*n*) patriot active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the ſtate,
Free as young Lyttleton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, (*o*) and as warm as true: 30
Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my (*p*) native moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
(*q*) Long, as to him who works for debt the day, 35
Long as the night to her whoſe love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the briſk minor pants for twenty-one;
So ſlow th' unprofitable (*r*) moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my ſoul; 40
That keep me from myſelf, and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant bus'neſs to a future day:
That (*s*) taſk, which as we follow or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe:
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure; 45
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.

Nunc *agilis* fio, et merſor (*n*) *civilibus undis*,
Virtutis veræ cuſtos, (*o*) *rigiduſque ſatelles*:
Nunc in * Ariſtippi (*p*) *furtim* præcepta *relabor*,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
(*q*) Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica: dieſque
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus*: ut piger annus
Pupillus, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda (*r*) fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter (*s*) id, quod
Æque *pauperibus* prodeſt, *locupletibus* æque,
Æque neglectum *pueris ſenibuſque* nocebit.

NOTES.

i. e. Chuſe either an active or contemplative life, as is moſt fitted to the ſeaſon and circumſtances.—For he regarded theſe writers as the beſt ſchools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himſelf: Montagne excelling in his obſervations on ſocial and civil life; and Locke, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind.

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res.

Late

(*t*) Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome (*u*) comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite; 50
I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, (*x*) and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to (*y*) go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy (*z*) blood rebel, thy boſom move 55
With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are words and ſpells, which can controul
(*a*) Between the fits this fever of the ſoul:
Know there are rhymes, (*b*) which freſh and freſh apply'd,
Will cure the arrant'ſt puppy of his pride. 60

(*t*) *Reſtat*, ut his ego me ipſe regam (*u*) ſolerque *elementis*:
(*x*) Non poſſus oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Eſt quadam prodire (*y*) tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
(*z*) Fervet avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et (*a*) magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt (*b*) certa *piaculo*, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *I'll do what Mead*—] Mr. Pope highly eſteemed and loved this worthy man, whoſe unaffected humanity and benevolence have ſtifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profeſſion would otherwiſe have drawn out. Speaking of his obligation to this great phyſician and others of the faculty, in a letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he ſays, "There "is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty; they are in "general the moſt amiable companions, and the beſt friends, as "well as the moſt learned men I know."

Be

Be (*c*) furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
(*d*) Slave to a wife, or vaſſal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch (*e*) bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient ear.
(*f*) 'Tis the firſt virtue vices to abhor; 65
And the firſt wiſdom to be fool no more.
But to the world no (*g*) bugbear is ſo great,
As want of figure, and a ſmall eſtate.
To either India ſee the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty! 70
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn thro' the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires, 75
And (*h*) eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?
(*i*) Here, Wiſdom calls: (*k*) "Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
"As gold to ſilver, virtue is to gold."
There, London's voice: (*l*) "Get money, money ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will." 80
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From (*m*) low St. James's up to high St. Paul;

(*c*) Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, (*d*) *amator*;
Nemo (*e*) adeo *ferus* eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
(*f*) Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,
Stultitia caruiſſe. vides quæ (*g*) maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto divites animi capitiſque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per (*h*) mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures (*i*) ea, quæ *ſtulte* miraris et optas,
Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmæ?
"(*k*) Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
"(*l*) O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum eſt:
Virtus poſt nummos: hæc (*m*) *Janus ſummus* ab *imo*

From

From him whose (*n*) quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in (*o*) spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
" Pray, then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a (*p*) cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D * l, their *Honours*, and so forth. 90
Yet ev'ry (*q*) child another song will sing,
" Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy (*r*) screen, and this thy wall of brass; 95
Compar'd to this, a minister's an ass.
(*s*) And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at (*t*) CRESSY and POITIERS? 100
(*u*) Who counsels best? who whispers, " Be but great,
" With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
" Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
" If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
For what? to have a (*x*) box where eunuchs sing, 105
And foremost in the circle eye a king.

Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
(*n*) Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
Est (*o*) animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint,
(*p*) *Plebs* eris. (*q*) at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic (*r*) *murus aheneus esto*,
Nil *conscire* sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
(*s*) Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *maribus* (*t*) *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis?*
(*u*) Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, " Rem facias; rem,
" Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut (*x*) propius spectes lacrymosa poëmata Pupi!

Or (*y*) he, who bids thee face with ſteady view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow greatneſs thro' :
And, (*z*) while he bids thee, ſets th' example too ?
If (*a*) ſuch a doctrine in St. James's air, 110
Should chance to make the well-dreſs'd rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S*z take ſcandal at a ſpark,
That leſs admires the (*b*) Palace than the Park :
Faith, I ſhall give the anſwer (*c*) Reynard gave;
" I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave : 115
" Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a ſlave :
Send her to court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the leaſt 120
The (*d*) people are a many-headed beaſt :
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do ?
Alike in nothing but one luſt of gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold : 125
Their (*e*) country's wealth our mightier miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder provinces, the main ;
The reſt, ſome farm the poor-box, ſome the pews ;
Some keep aſſemblies, and would keep the ſtews ;
Some (*f*) with fat bucks on childleſs dotards fawn ;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn ; 131

An, (*y*) qui fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ
Liberum et erectum, (*z*) *præſens* hortatur et aptat ?
(*a*) Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut (*b*) porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem ;
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipſe vel odit :
Olim quod (*c*) vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam : Quia me veſtigia terrent
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
(*d*) *Bellua multorum* eſt *capitum*. nam quid ſequar, aut quem ?
Pars hominum geſtit (*e*) conducere *publica* : ſunt qui
(*f*) Cruſtis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant :

While

While with the ſilent growth of ten *per cent.*
In dirt and darkneſs, (*g*) hundreds ſink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each (*h*) purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135
But ſhow me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job (*i*) ſail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and ſtill,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-hill!"
(*k*) Up ſtarts a palace, lo, th' obedient baſe 140
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſy, or that (*l*) dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) ſpleen; 145
" Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
" For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in town."
At am'rous Flavio is the (*m*) ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
(*n*) The fool, whoſe wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr, 151
Did ever (*o*) Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the rich?
Well, but the (*p*) poor—The poor have the ſame itch;

(*g*) *Multis* occulto creſcit res ſenore. (*h*) verum
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?
(*i*) Nullus in orbe ſinus *Baiis* prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit *dives;* (*k*) lacus et mare *ſentit* amorem
Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi (*l*) vitioſa *libido*
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta *Teanum*
Tolletis, fabri. (*m*) lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:
(*n*) Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
(*o*) Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid (*p*) *pauper?* ride: mutat (*q*) *cœnacula, lectos,*

They change their (*q*) weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner, to their ſhoes, 156
Diſcharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaiſe and one;
They (*r*) hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160
(*s*) You laugh, half beau, half ſloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when (*t*) no prelate's lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my mind, 166
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One (*u*) ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I (*x*) plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
(*y*) You never change one muſcle of your face 171
You think this madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor (*z*) once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a ſeam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree, 175
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to me.
Is this my (*a*) guide, philoſopher, and friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?

Balnea, (*r*) *tonſores*; conducto navigio æque
Nauſeat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.
(*s*) Si curatus *inæquali* tonſore capillos
Occurro: rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexæ
Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga *diſſidet impar*;
Rides. quid, (*t*) mea cum pugnat *ſententia* ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
(*u*) Æſtuat, et vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;
(*x*) Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
(*y*) Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec (*z*) *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *prætore* dati; rerum (*a*) tutela mearum
Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomachoris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis*, *te reſpicientis* amici.

Who

Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own; 180
Great without title, without fortune bleſs'd;
Rich (*b*) ev'n when plunder'd, (*c*) honour'd while op-
preſs'd;
Lov'd (*d*) without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; (*e*) free, tho' in the Tow'r;
In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing, 185
Juſt (*f*) leſs than Jove, and (*g*) much above a king,
Nay, half in heav'n—(*h*) except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god?

Ad ſummam, *ſapiens* uno (*b*) minor eſt *Jove*, (*c*) dives,
(*d*) Liber, (*e* honoratus, (*f*) pulcher, (*g*) rex denique
regum;
Præcipue ſanus, (*h*) niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

"NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech).
(*b*) This vault of air, this congregated ball, 5
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view (*c*) this dreadful all without a fear. 10
Admire we then what (*d*) earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of (*e*) fools and slaves for gold?

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
(*b*) Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui (*c*) formidine nulla
Imbuti spectent. (*d*) quid censes, munera terræ?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas (*e*) ditantis et Indos?

NOTES.

Ver. 4. *Creech.*] From whose translation of Horace the two first lines are taken.

Or

Or (*f*) popularity? or ſtars and ſtrings?
The mob's applauſes, or the gifts of kings? 15
Say with what (*g*) eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the (*h*) pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire, 20
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we (*i*) joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpris'd at better, or ſurpris'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and ſnatch the man away; 25
For (*k*) Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of madmen is a ſaint run mad.
(*l*) Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taſte to double the ſurpriſe, 30
And gaze on (*m*) Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be ſtruck with bright (*n*) brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' ſplendid livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at (*o*) council-board rejoice,
To ſee their judgments hang upon thy voice; 35

Ludicra, quid, (*f*) plauſus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo ſpectanda modo, (*g*) quo *ſenſu* credis et *ore?*
(*h*) Qui *timet* his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor eſt *utrobique* moleſtus:
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret *utrumque:*
(*i*) Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
(*k*) Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, *virtutem* ſi petat ipſam.
(*l*) I nunc, argentum et marmor (*m*) *vetus*, æraque et artes
Suſpice: cum gemmis (*n*) Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te (*o*) mille loquentem:

From

From (*p*) morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For (*q*) fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall (*r*) one whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd, 40
Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet (*s*) time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine: 45
And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, (*t*) with all the pow'r of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh, 50
(More silent far), where kings and poets lie;
(*u*) Where MURRAY (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
(*x*) Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone? 55
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.
Would you be (*y*) bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains; 61
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

Gnavus (*p*) mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;
(*q*) Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)
(*r*) Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
(*s*) Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia. (*t*) cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appî;
Ire tamen restat, Numa (*u*) quo devenit et Ancus.
(*x*) Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quare fugam morbi. (*y*) vis recte vivere? quis non?

But

(z) But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike diſowns, 65
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly, (a) then, on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire.
Is wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold;
(b) Advance thy golden mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a (c) wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch (d) friends—as cannot fail to laſt. 80
A (e) man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him form, and Anſtis birth.
(Believe me, many a (f) German prince is worſe,
Who proud of pedigree, is poor of purſe).
His wealth brave (g) Timon gloriouſly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds; 86

Si virtus hoc *una* poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age *deliciis*.
(z) virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? (a) cave ne portus occupet alter:
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
(b) Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet (c) uxorem *cum dote*, *fidemque*, et (d) *amicos*.
Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina (e) Pecunia donat;
Ac bene mummatum decorat Saudela, Venuſque.
Manicipiis locuples, eget æris (f) *Capadocum Rex*.
Ne fueris hic tu. (g) chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere rogatus,

Or

Or if three ladies like a lucklefs play,
Take the whole houfe upon the poet's day.
(*h*) Now, in fuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muft be rich indeed; 90
A noble fuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourfelf, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
(*i*) If wealth alone then make and keep us bleft, 95
Still, ftill be getting, never, never reft.
(*k*) But if to pow'r and place your paffion lie,
If in the pomp of life confift the joy;
Then (*l*) hire a flave, or (if you will) a lord 100
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to (*m*) nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
Who (*n*) rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
" This may be troublefome, is near the chair: 106
" That makes three members, this can chufe a may'r."
Inftructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteft,
Adopt him (*o*) fon, or confin at the leaft,
Then turn about, and (*p*) laugh at your own jeft.

Quî poffum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot habebo
Mittam: poft paulo fcribit, fibi millia quinque
Effe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
(*h*) Exilis domus eft, ubi non et multa *fuperfunt*,
Et *dominum fallunt*, et *profunt furibus*. (*i*) ergo,
Si res fola poteft facere et fervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poftremus omittas.
(*k*) Si fortunatum fpecies et gratia præftat,
(*l*) *Mercemur* fervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodicet latus, et (*m*) cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: (*n*) Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina*:
Cui libet, is fafces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: (*o*) frater, pater, adde:
Ut cuique eft ætas, ita quemque (*p*) *facetus* adopta.

Or

Or if your life be one continued treat, 111
If (q) to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With horns and hounds go hunt an appetite— 115
So (r) Russel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we (s) ev'ry decency confound,
Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo 121
(t) K——l's lewd cargo, or Ty——y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts,
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame, 125
Renounce our (u) country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with (x) Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is Love alone,
And SWIFT cry wisely, *Vive la bagatelle!*
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
(y) Adieu—— If this advice appear the worst, 131
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Si (q) bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut (r) olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multus populo spectante referret.
Emtum mulus aprum. (s) crudi, tumidique lavemur;
Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Cærite cera
Digni; (t) *remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyssei;
Cui *potior* (u) *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.
(x) Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine *amore jocisque*
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.
(y) Vive, vale. si quod novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

THE

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF

HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments paſſed in his epiſtle to Auguſtus, ſeemed ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own country. The author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increaſe of an *abſolute empire*. But to make the poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of thoſe which contribute to the happineſs of a *free people*, and are more conſiſtent with the welfare of *our neighbours*.

This epiſtle will ſhow the learned world to have fallen into two miſtakes: one, that *Auguſtus was a patron of poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the beſt writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magiſtrate. *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen ſuum obſolefieri*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a *general diſcourſe of poetry*; whereas it was an *apology for the poets*, in order to render Auguſtus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cauſe of his cotemporaries, firſt, againſt the taſte of the *town*, whoſe humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age: ſecondly, againſt the *court* and *nobility*, who encouraged

encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and laſtly, againſt the *Emperor* himſelf, who had conceived them of little uſe to the government. He ſhews (by a view of the progreſs of learning, and the change of taſte among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predeceſſors; that their *morals* were much improved, and the licence of thoſe ancient poets reſtrained: that *ſatire* and *comedy* were become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the ſtage, were owing to the *ill taſte* of the *nobility*; that poets, under due regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the *ſtate*, and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himſelf muſt depend, for his fame with poſterity.

We may farther learn from this epiſtle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a juſt contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! (*a*) ſuſtain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
(*b*) How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a monarch, ſteal 5
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
(*c*) Edward and Henry, now the boaſt of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more (*d*) ſacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or property ſecur'd, 10
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
(*e*) Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human virtue, to its lateſt breath, 15
(*f*) Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.

EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot (*a*) ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in (*b*) publica commoda, peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.
(*c*) Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, (*d*) deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque culunt genus aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt;
(*e*) Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit (*f*) invidiam ſupremo fine domari.

The

The great Alcides, ev'ry labour paſt,
Had ſtill this monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
(*g*) Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away! 20
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe ſuns of glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the world its preſent homage pays,
The harveſt early, (*h*) but mature the praiſe:
Great friend of LIBERTY! in *kings* a name 25
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame *:
Whoſe word is truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
(*i*) As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
(*k*) None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe. 30
Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt,
Your people, Sir, are partial in the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
(*l*) Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton heads of houſes quote:

(*g*) Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
(*h*) Præſenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
(*i*) Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
(*k*) *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens et juſtus in uno,
* *Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat; et, niſi quæ terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit:
(*l*) Sic fautor *veterum*, et tabulas peccare vetantes

NOTES.

Ver. 38. *And beaſtly Skelton*, &c.] Skelton, poet-laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whoſe verſes has been lately reprinted, conſiſting almoſt wholly of ribaldry, obſcenity, and ſcurrilous language.

One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chrift's Kirk on the Green; 40
And each true Briton is to Ben fo civil,
(*m*) He fwears the Mufes met him at the Devil.
Tho' juftly (*n*) Greece her eldeft fons admires,
Why fhould not we be wifer than our fires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel; 45
We build, we paint, (*o*) we fing, we dance as well,
And (*p*) learned Athens to our art muft ftoop,
Could fhe behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If (*q*) time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine? 50
Shall we, or fhall we not, account him fo,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all difpute; and fix the year precife
When Britifh bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who lafts a (*r*) century can have no flaw, 55
"I hold that wit a claffic, good in law."

Quas bis quinque viri fanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annofa volumina vatum,
(*m*) Dictitet Albano Mufas in monte locutas.
Si, quia (*n*) Graiorum funt antiquiffima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penfantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non eft quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eft oleam, nil extra eft in nuce duri.
Venimus ad fummum fortunæ: *pingimus*, atque
(*o*) *Pfallimus*, et (*p*) *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*
Si (*q*) meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debit, an inter
Viles atque novos: excludat jurgia finis.
Eft vetus atque probus, (*r*) centum qui perficit annos.

NOTES.

Ver. 40. *Chrift's Kirk on the Green;*] a ballad made by a king of Scotland.

Ver. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil tavern, where Ben Johnfon held his poetical club.

Suppofe

Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him (*s*) ancient, right, and ſound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce? 60
"We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By (*t*) courteſy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the (*u*) horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt (*x*) down ancients like a heap of ſnow: 65
While you, to meaſure merits, look in (*y*) Stowe,
And eſtimating authors by the year,
Beſtow a garland only on a (*z*) bier.
(*a*) Shakeſpeare (whom you and ev'ry playhouſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will) 70
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own deſpite.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
(*b*) The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads (*c*) Cowley? if he pleaſes yet, 75
His moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;

Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? (*s*) veteresne poetas,
An quos et præſens et poſtera reſpuat ætas?
Iſte quidem veteres infer ponetur (*t*) *honeſte*,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut (*u*) equinæ
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum cadat elusus ratione (*x*) ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in (*y*) *faſtos*, et virtutem æſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod (*z*) *Libitina* ſacravit.
(*a*) Ennius et *ſapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo (*b*) *promiſſa* cadant, et *ſomnia* (*c*) *Pythagorea*.

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *Shakeſpeare*] Shakeſpeare and Ben Johnſon may truly be ſaid not much to have thought of this immortality; the one in many pieces compoſed in haſte for the ſtage; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden called *his dotages*.

Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
But ſtill (*d*) I love the language of his heart.
" Yet ſurely, (*e*) ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben? 80
" In all (*f*) debates where critics bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art,
" Of Shakeſpeare's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
" writ;
" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow; 85
" But, for the paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe, (*g*) only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; (*h*) the people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

Nævius in manibus non eſt; at (*d*) mentibus hæret
Pene recens: (*e*) adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema
Ambigitur (*f*) quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; (*g*) habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livi ſcriptoris ab ævo.
(*h*) Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.

NOTES.

Ver. 77. *Pindaric art,*] which has much more merit than his epic, but very unlike the character, as well as numbers of Pindar.

Ver. 85. *Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: but the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticiſm; in ſome things right, in others wrong; as he tells us in his anſwer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.

To

To (*i*) Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise;
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we 95
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the (*k*) obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on (*l*) Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in (*m*) prose he sweeps the ground,
In quibbles, angel and archangel join, 101
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
(*n*) Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like (*o*) slashing Bently with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he (*p*) read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er), 110
One simile, that (*q*) solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,

Si (*i*) veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat;
Si quædam nimis (*k*) *antique*, si pleraque (*l*) *dure*
Dicere cedit eos, (*m*) *ignave* multa fatetur;
Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.
(*n*) Non equidem insector, *delendaque carmina* Livi
Esse reor, memini quæ (*o*) *plagosum* (*p*) *mihi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;
sed emendata videri
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:
Inter quæ (*q*) *verbum* emicuit si forte *decorum*,

NOTES.

Ver. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] a piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries.

Or

Or (*r*) lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page,
Has ſanctified whole poems for an age.
(*s*) I loſe my patience, and I own it too, 115
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our elders break all reaſon's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applauſe.
(*t*) On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but aſk, if any weed can grow? 120
One tragic ſentence if I dare deride,
Which (*u*) Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of names),
How will our fathers riſe up in a rage, 125
And ſwear, all ſhame is loſt in George's age!
You'd think (*x*) no fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill. 130
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, (*y*) or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the ſons, exalts the ſires.

Si (*r*) *verſus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter;
Injuſte *totum* ducit venitque poema.
(*s*) Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et præmia poſci.
(*t*) Recte necne *crocum floreſque* perambulet *Attæ*
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ (*u*) *gravis Æſopus*, quæ doctus *Roſcius* egit.
Vel quia nil (*x*) rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam (*y*) *Saliare Numæ carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.

Had

(z) Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow 135
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
(a) In days of eaſe, when now the weary ſword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd; 140
In ev'ry taſte of foreign courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud in (b) horſemanſhip t' excel;
Newmarket's glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
The ſoldier breath'd the gallantries of France, 145
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
Then (c) marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on (d) animated canvas ſtole
The ſleepy eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul. 150
No wonder then, when all was love and ſport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at court:
On (e) each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.
But (f) Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.

(z) Quod ſi tam Græcis *novitas* inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
(a) Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in *vitium fortuna labier æqua;*
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit (b) *equorum*
(c) Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
Suſpendit (d) picta vultum mentemque tabella;
Nunc (e) tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
(f) Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,

NOTES.

Ver. 142. A verſe of the Lord Lanſdown.

Ver. 143. *In horſemanſhip t' excel;—And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's book of horſemanſhip; the romance of Partheniſſa, by the Earl of Orrery, and moſt of the French romances tranſlated by perſons of quality.

Ver. 153. *On each enervate ſtring*, &c.] The ſiege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the firſt opera ſung in England.

Now

Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160
(g) Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school,
To (h) worship like his fathers, was his care; 165
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.
(g) Romæ dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos (h) nominibus rectis expendere nummos;

NOTES.

Ver. 158. *Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;*] The first half of Charles the Second's reign was passed in an abandoned dissoluteness of manners; the other half, in factious disputes about Popish plots and French prerogative.

Ver. 160. *Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.*] *i. e.* the love of liberty.—Mr. Voltaire, while in England, in a letter, dated October 15, 1726, writes thus to a friend in Paris.—"I had a "mind at first to print our poor Henry at my own expences in "London; but the loss of my money is a sad stop to my design. "I question if I shall try the way of subscriptions by the favour "of the court. I am weary of courts. All that is king, or be-"longs to a king, frights my republican philosophy. I won't "drink the least draught of slavery in the land of liberty. I "have written freely to ——— and I will always do so, having no "reason to lay myself under any restraint. I fear, I hope nothing "from your country: all that I wish for, is to see you one day "here. I am entertaining myself with this pleasant hope. If it "is but a dream, let me enjoy it: do not undeceive me: let me "believe I shall have the pleasure to see you in London, drawing "up the strong spirit of this unaccountable nation. You will "translate their thoughts better when you live amongst them. You "will see a nation fond of their liberty, learned, witty, despis-"ing life and death, a nation of philosophers. Not but that there "are some fools in England. Every country has its madmen. It "may be, French folly is pleasanter than English madness, but "by ——, English wisdom and English honesty is above yours."

To

To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good (*i*) ſecurity, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one (*k*) poetic itch
Has ſeiz'd the court and city, poor and rich: 170
Sons, ſires, and grandſires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres, and to rehearſals throng,
And all our grace at table is a ſong.
I, who ſo oft renounce the Muſes, (*l*) lie, 175
Not ——'s ſelf e'er tells more *fibs* than I;
When ſick of Muſe, our follies we deplore,
And promiſe our beſt friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhow our wit. 180
(*m*) He ſerv'd a 'prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Ev'n (*n*) Radcliff's doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe, till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile? 185
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile).

(*i*) *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, (*k*) et calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio: puerique patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior (*l*) Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et ſcrinia poſco.
(*m*) Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audit, niſi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* eſt,
Promittunt (*n*) medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

NOTES.

Ver. 182. *Ward*] A famous empiric, whoſe pill and drop had ſeveral ſurpriſing effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of writing and converſation at this time.

Ibid. *Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop;*] It was the poet's purpoſe to do Mr. Ward honour, in aſſigning to him that medical aphoriſm of regular practice,

Periculum faciamus in corpore vili.

But

But (*o*) thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, (*p*) reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe madmen never hurt the church or ſtate: 190
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely (*q*) av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his (*r*) plaything of a pen.
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
(*s*) Flight of caſhiers, or mobs, he'll never mind: 195
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To (*t*) cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his (*u*) diet. 200
Of little uſe the man you may ſuppoſe,
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe;
Yet let me ſhow, a poet's of ſome weight,
And (*x*) (tho' no ſoldier) uſeful to the ſtate.

(*o*) Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim,
(*p*) Hic error tamen et levis hæc inſania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige; vatis (*q*) *avarus*
Non temere eſt animus: (*r*) verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;
Detrimenta, (*s*) *fugas* ſervorum, *incendia* ridet;
Non (*t*) *fraudem ſocio*, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit ſiliquis, et pane ſecundo (*u*);
(*x*) Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi*:

NOTES.

Ver. 204. *And (tho' no ſoldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himſelf much to his credit in this capacity *(non bene relicta parmula)* in the battle of Philippi. It is manifeſt he alludes to himſelf, in this whole account of a poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit ſiliquis et pane ſecundo* has a relation to his Epicuriſm; *os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: the nobler office of a poet follows: *Torquet ab obſcænis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c. which the imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himſelf. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is ſincerely inclined to praiſe what deſerves to be praiſed, he arraigns what deſerves to be arraigned, in the 210th, 211th, and 212th verſes.

What

(y) What will a child learn ſooner than a ſong? 205
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in public with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome monſter of a king; 210
Or virtue, or religion, turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome courtly ſtrains) 215
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
(y) Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

He

NOTES.

Ver. 215. *excuſe ſome courtly ſtrains*,] We are not to underſtand this as a diſapprobation of Mr. Addiſon for celebrating the virtues of the preſent royal family. It relates to a certain circumſtance in which he thought that amiable poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addiſon, in the year 1713, had finiſhed his Cato, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our poet, who thought the ſentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly, and told him, that he had better not bring it upon the ſtage, but print it like a claſſical performance, which would perfectly anſwer his deſign. Mr. Addiſon approved of this advice, and ſeemed diſpoſed to follow it. But ſoon after he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that ſome friends, whom he could not diſoblige, inſiſted on his having it acted. However, he aſſured Mr. Pope that it was with no party-views, and deſired him to ſatisfy the Treaſurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the ſame time gave him the poem to carry to them for their peruſal. Our poet executed his commiſſion in the moſt friendly manner; and the play, and the project for bringing it upon the ſtage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addiſon was ſo exceedingly afraid of party-imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his requeſt, wrote the famous prologue to it, and had ſaid,

"Britons, ARISE, be worth like this approv'd,
"And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd,"

he was much troubled, ſaid it would be called, ſtirring the people to rebellion; and earneſtly begged he would ſoften it into ſomething leſs obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now

He, (z) from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cauſe,
Her trade ſupported, and ſupply'd her laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe engrav'd,
" The rights a court attack'd, a poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure, 225
Stretch'd to (a) relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And (b) ſtretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms:
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Pſalms:
The (c) boys and girls whom charity maintains, 231
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:

Torquet (z) ab *obſcœnis* jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;
Recte facta refert; (a) orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis; (b) *inopem* ſolatur et *ægrum.*
Caſtis cum (c) pueris ignara puella mariti

NOTES.

ſtands, to—*Britons, attend*—though at the expence both of the ſenſe and ſpirit. Notwithſtanding this, the very next year, when the preſent illuſtrious family came to the ſucceſſion, Mr. Addiſon thought fit to make a merit of CATO, as purpoſely and directly written to oppoſe the ſchemes of a faction; his poem to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, beginning in this manner.

" The Muſe that oft, with ſacred raptures fir'd,
" Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inſpir'd;
" And, boldly riſing for Britannia's laws,
" Engag'd great Cato in her country's cauſe;
" On you ſubmiſſive waits."

Ver. 226. *the idiot and the poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for aſſiſting the poor, by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand.

Ver. 230. *Sternhold,*] One of the verſifiers of the old ſinging pſalms. He was a courtier, and groom of the robes to Henry VIII. and of the bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his church hiſtory, ſays he was eſteemed an excellent poet.

How

How could devotion (*d*) touch the country-pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse chears their leisure, verse assists their work, 235
Verse prays for peace, or sings down (*e*) Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And (*f*) Heav'n is won by violence of song. 240
Our (*g*) rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care: 245
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And (*h*) taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
But times corrupt, and (*i*) nature, ill inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;

Disceret unde (*d*) *preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, et *præsentia numina* sentit;
Cœlestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, (*e*) *metuenda pericula* pellit;
Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletum frugibus annum.
(*f*) Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.
(*g*) Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
(*h*) Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter: (*i*) donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas

Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
Appeal'd to law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholeſome (*k*) dread of ſtatutes bound,
The poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to (*l*) Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
(*m*) We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe, 265
Wit grew polite, and (*n*) numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full reſounding line,
The long majeſtic march, and energy divine.
Though ſtill ſome traces of our (*o*) ruſtic vein 270
And ſplay-foot verſe remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd nation (*p*) breath'd from civil war.

Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: (*k*) quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad (*l*) *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.
(*m*) Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille
Defluxit (*n*) *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, (*o*) *veſtigia ruris*.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt (*p*) *Punica bella* quietus quærere cœpit,

NOTES.

Ver. 267. *Waller was ſmooth;*] Mr. Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorſet, Mr. Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation.

Exact

Exact (*q*) Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
Not but the (*r*) tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And (*s*) fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The (*t*) humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence (*u*) less. 285
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if (*x*) Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert, low dialogue, has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely (*y*) does Astræa tread, 290
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky (*z*) eat with vast applause!
But fill their (*a*) purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun. 295

Quid (*q*) Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:
Nam (*r*) spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:
Sed (*s*) turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram*.
Creditur, ex (*t*) *medio* quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet *Comœdia* tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. (*u*) aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto (*x*) *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
Quantus sit Dossennus (*y*) *edacibus in parasitis*;
Quam (*z*) *non astricto* percurrat pulpita *socco*.
Gestit enim (*a*) nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

NOTES.

Ver. 290. *Astræa*] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c.

O you! whom (*b*) Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply,
For ever ſunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
(*c*) Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
(*d*) There ſtill remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monſter of the pit: 305
A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, (*e*) to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the farce, (*f*) the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords! 310
Ever the taſte of mobs, but now (*g*) of lords;
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot (*h*) and horſe; 315
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, biſhops, ermin, gold, and lawn;

Quem tulit ad ſcenam (*b*) ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: (*c*) valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
(*d*) Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocti, ſtolidique, et (*e*) depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut (*f*) *urſum* aut *pugiles*: hic nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum (*g*) *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt (*h*) *equitum* turmæ, peditumque catervæ:
Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;

The

The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.
With (*i*) laughter ſure Democritus had died, 320
Had he beheld an audience gape ſo wide.
Let bear or (*k*) elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs (*l*) Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant ſhall heed thee more; 325
While all its (*m*) throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit aſcends!
Loud as the wolves, on (*n*) Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note, 330
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's (*o*) petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the (*p*) loſt actor in the tawdry load.

Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
(*i*) Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive (*k*) *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem (*l*) narrare putaret *aſello*
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quæ (*m*) pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
(*n*) *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuſcum.*
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,
(*o*) *Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus* (*p*) *oblitus actor*

Ver. 319. *Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.*] The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the play-houſes vied with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the champion.

Ver. 328. *Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,*] The fartheſt northern promontory of Scotland, oppoſite to the Orcades.

Booth

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?"
(q) Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he (r) who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart; 345
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
(s) But not this part of the poetic state,
Alone, deserves the favour of the great;
Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely 350
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill (t) a library with wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355

Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
(q) Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me. quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta; (r) meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
(s) Varum age, et his, qui se *lectori* credere malunt,
Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam impende brevem: si (t) munus Apolline dignum

NOTES.

Ver. 354. *a library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine library then building by Augustus.

Ver. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A building in the royal gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice collection of books.

My

My Liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guefs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We (*u*) poets are, (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moft abfurd:
The (*x*) feafon, when to come, and when to go, 360
To fing, or ceafe to fing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lofe your patience, juft like other men.
Then too we hurt ourfelves, when to defend
A (*y*) fingle verfe, we quarrel with a friend; 365
Repeat (*z*) unafk'd; lament, the (*a*) wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moft, when ftraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epiftles to the king;
And (*b*) from the moment we oblige the town, 370
Expect a place, or penfion from the crown;
Or dubb'd hiftorians by exprefs command,
T' enrol your triumphs o'er the feas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan fome work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375
Yet (*c*) think, great Sir! (fo many virtues fhown),
Ah think, what poet beft may make them known?

Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ftudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
(*u*) Multa quidem nobis facimus mala fæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
(*x*) *Solicito* damus, aut *feffo*: cum lædimur (*y*) *unum*
Si quis *amicorum* eft aufus reprendere *verfum*:
Cum loca jam (*z*) recitata revolvimus *irrevocati*:
Cum (*a*) lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Noftros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo*;
Cum (*b*) fperamus eo rem venturam, ut, fimul atque
Carmina refcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceffas, et egere vetes, et *fcribere cogas*.
Sed tamen eft (*c*) *operæ prætium* cognofcere, *quales*
Æditnos habeat belli fpectata domique

Or

Or chuſe at leaſt ſome miniſter of grace,
Fit to beſtow the (*d*) Laureat's weighty place.
(*e*) Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair, 380
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great (*f*) Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed,
To fix him graceful on the bounding ſteed;
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want diſcerning ſpirit. 385
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a (*g*) Ruſſian bear."
Not with ſuch (*h*) majeſty, ſuch bold relief, 390
The forms auguſt, of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your (*i*) arms, your actions, your repoſe to ſing! 395

Virtus (*d*) *indigno* non committenda *poetæ*.
(*e*) Gratus Alexandro regi magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *ſe* præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra
Fortis (*f*) *Alexandri vultum ſimulantia*. quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares;
(*g*) Bœotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.
[*At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque*
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetæ;]
Nec magis expreſſi (*h*) vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, (*i*) quam *res* componere *geſtas*,

What

What (*k*) ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How (*l*) barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropt the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
(*m*) Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And (*n*) Aſia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But (*o*) verſe, alas! your majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric ſtrains: 405
The zeal of (*p*) fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay (*q*) I bite.
A vile (*r*) encomium doubly ridicules: 410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a (*s*) woful likeneſs; and, if lies,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he (*t*) bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415

Terrarumque (*k*) ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impoſitas, et (*l*) *barbara regna*, tuiſque
Auſpiciis *totum* (*l*) *confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Clauſtraque (*m*) cuſtodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et (*n*) formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque parvum
(*o*) Carmen *majeſtas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.
Sedulitas autem (*p*) *ſtulte*, quem *diligit* urget;
Præcipue cum ſe *numeris* commendat et arte.
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod *quis* (*q*) *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror (*r*) officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*
In (*s*) *pejus* vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne (*t*) rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una

(Like

(Like (*u*) journals, odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Cum (*u*) ſcriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

THE

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's friend!
You love a verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
(*a*) A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—" This lad, Sir, is of Blois:
" Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
" My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world; 6
" His French is pure; his voice too—you ſhall hear.
" Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a-year.
" Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
" Your barber, cook, upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe: 10

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
(*a*) Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Cabiis, et tecum ſic agat: " Hic et
" Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
" Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
" Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
" Cuilibet; argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

NOTES.

Ver. 4. *This lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] a town in Beauce, where the French tongue is ſpoken in great purity.

" A perfect genius at an op'ra ſong—
" To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to ſerve a lord:
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15
" Though, faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart,
" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that), it is, to ſteal." 20
(*b*) If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the thief, that ſtole the caſh, away, 25
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
(*c*) Conſider, then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws, to which you gave your own aſſent? 30

" Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed duce bibenti.
" Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius æquo
" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
" Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in ære.
" Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
" Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut fit)
" In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
" Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi *fuga* lædit."
(*b*) Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
(*c*) Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

NOTES.

Ver. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] Sir G. Kneller, an eminent juſtice of peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha.

Nay

Nay worſe, to aſk for verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
(*d*) In ANNA's wars, a ſoldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night, 35
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger, join'd
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a caſtle-wall, 40
Tore down a ſtandard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter): 45
"Go on, my friend, (he cry'd), ſee yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a ſot? 50
"Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."

Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
(*d*) Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis, dentibus acer,
Præſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus *caſtellum* evertere prætor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat; i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid ſtas?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, "Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit."

(*e*) Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad: 55

(*e*) Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut poſſem *curvo* dignoſcere *rectum*,

(And

Ver. 52. *Bred up at home*, &c.] Mr. Pope was taught his letters very early by an aunt; and, from thence to his eighth year, he took great delight in reading. He learned to write of himſelf by copying after printed books, whoſe characters he brought himſelf to imitate in great perfection. At eight he was put under one Taverner, a prieſt, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, together: from him, in a little time, he was ſent to a private ſchool at Twiford near Wincheſter. Here he continued about a year, and was then removed to another, near Hyde-park-corner. Under theſe two laſt maſters he loſt the little he had got under the prieſt. At twelve, he went with his father into the foreſt; where he was for a few months under another prieſt, and with as little ſucceſs as before. For, as he uſed to ſay, he never could learn any thing which he did not purſue with pleaſure. And theſe miſerable pedants had not the art of making his ſtudies an amuſement to him. Upon the remnants, therefore, of this ſmall ſtock, ſo hardly picked up, ſo eaſily loſt, and recovered (as we ſhall ſee) with ſo much labour, he at length thought fit to become his own maſter. And now the only method of ſtudy he preſcribed to himſelf was reading thoſe claſſic writers, who afforded him moſt entertainment. So that while he was intent upon the ſubject, with a ſtrong appetite for knowledge, and an equal paſſion for poetry, he inſenſibly got Latin and Greek. And, what was extraordinary, his impatience of reſtraint, in the uſual forms, did not hinder his ſubjecting himſelf, now he was his own maſter, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his grammar and lexicon. By the time he was fifteen, he had acquired a very ready habit in the learned languages, when a ſtrong fancy came into his head to remove to London to learn French and Italian. His family (whoſe only object was the preſervation of his miſerably infirm body) regarded it as a very wild project. But he perſiſted in it, and they gave way. To town he went, and maſtered thoſe two languages with ſurpriſing diſpatch. The whole treaſure of Parnaſſus now lay open to him; and, between this and his twentieth year, his conſtant employment was reading the moſt conſiderable poets and critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Engliſh languages. But, all this, without much order, as

(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points, we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt, 60
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65

Atque inter ſilvas Academi *quærere* verum.
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit æſtus in arma,
Cæſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.
Unde ſimul primum me demiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax.

And

NOTES.

chance threw them in his way, or the caprice of deſultory reading directed his choice. This being one continued indulgence of his curioſity or amuſement, made him always ſpeak of theſe four or five years as the moſt pleaſurable part of his life.

Yet his true underſtanding would not ſuffer him to continue long eaſy under ſo defective an education. For a vaſt memory, and an accurate judgment, which remedied many of its inconveniencies, made him but the more ſenſible of them all. So that, at twenty, when the impetuoſity of his ſpirits began to permit his genius to be put under reſtraint, he went over all the parts of his education anew, from the very beginning, and in a regular, and more artful manner. He penetrated into the general grounds and reaſons of ſpeech; he learned to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral ſpecies of ſtyle; he ſtudied the peculiar genius and character of each language; he reduced his natural talent for poetry to a ſcience, and maſtered thoſe parts of philoſophy that would moſt contribute to enrich his vein. And all this, with ſuch continued attention, labour, and ſeverity, that he uſed to ſay, that he had been ſeven years (that is, from twenty to twenty-ſeven) in unlearning all he had been acquiring for twice that time.

Ver. 65. *He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;*] There was ſomething very ſingular in the economy of Mr. Pope's father. He

And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it:
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes, 70
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
(*f*) Years foll'wing years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our frolics, one amuſements end,
In one a miſtreſs drops, in one a friend: 75
This ſubtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtands ſtill?

Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare *cicutæ*,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?
(*f*) Singula de nobis anni *prædantur* euntes;
Eripuere *jocos*, *venerem*, *convivia*, *ludum*;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

NOTES.

was a merchant, and lived in London. At the Revolution he left off trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to between fifteen and twenty thouſand pounds, with which he retired into the country. As he was a Papiſt, he could not purchaſe, nor put his money to intereſt on real ſecurity; and as he adhered to the intereſts of King James, he made a point of conſcience not to lend it to the new government: ſo he kept it in his cheſt, and lived upon the principal; till, by that time his ſon came to the ſucceſſion, it was almoſt all fairly ſpent.

Ver. 68. *But (thanks to Homer)*, &c.] He began the Iliad at twenty-five, and finiſhed it in five years. It was publiſhed for his own benefit by ſubſcription. He ſold it to Lintot the bookſeller, on the following terms, Twelve hundred pounds paid down, and all the books for his ſubſcribers. The Odyſſey was publiſhed in the ſame manner, and ſold on the ſame conditions; except only that inſtead of twelve he had ſix hundred pounds. He was aſſiſted in this latter work by Broome and Fenton, to the firſt of whom he gave ſix hundred pounds; and to the other three hundred.

Ver. 70. *Monroes*,] Dr. Monro, phyſician to Bedlam hoſpital.

But

(*g*) But after all, what would you have me do? 80
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.
(*h*) But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I would hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-square— 95
Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."

(*g*) Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.
(*h*) Præter cætera me *Romæne* poemata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda. "Verum
"Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet."

NOTES.

Ver. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons.

Not

Not quite ſo well however as one ought; 100
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two aldermen diſpute it with an aſs? 105
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own ſ-r-v—nce in a car?
(*i*) Go, loſty poet! and in ſuch a crowd
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run, 110
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doſe at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
(*k*) The man, who, ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat, 116
To books and ſtudy gives ſeven years complete,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare: 120
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue, you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!

Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
(*i*) I nunc, et verſus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes*,
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
(*k*) Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit *Athenas*,
Et ſtudiis annos *ſeptem* dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, *ſtatua taciturnius exit*

NOTES.

Ver. 113. *Tooting—Earl's-court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London.

And

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for fools to get by heart?
(*l*) The Temple late two brother ſerjeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and, "Sir your eloquence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's
"ſenſe."
(*m*) Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpeare, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me,

Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?
(*l*) Frater erat Romæ conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores;
Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
(*m*) *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile viſu,
Cælatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum,
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
ſpectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.*

NOTES.

Ver. 139. *Merlin's Cave,*] In the royal gardens at Richmond. By this it ſhould ſeem, as if the collection of poetry, in that place, was not to our author's taſte.

Ver. 140. *But Stephen,*] Mr. *Stephen Duck*, a modeſt and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themſelves his betters in poetry, had not) of being eſteemed by Mr. Pope.

Walk

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145
"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write: 150
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
(*n*) In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long;
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et *procul* audi,
Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus:
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,
Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:
Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.
(*n*) Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poema,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:
Audebit quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,

Howe'er

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
(*o*) In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears, 165
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Raleigh ſpake;
Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe), 170
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line: 175
Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
" But eaſe in writing, flows from art not chance;
" As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance."
(*p*) If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool:
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.

Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ:
(*o*) *Obſcurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſet *nova*, quæ *genitor produxerit uſus:*
Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et *torquebitur*, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
(*p*) Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,

There

There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord; 185
Who, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſat,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, tho' a paſty fell, 190
And much too wiſe to walk into a well,
Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care! 195
That from a patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple vote.
(*q*) Well, on the whole, plain proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull: 200
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to ſmooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the ſoul. 205

Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque *theatro*:
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſane vicinus, *amabilis* hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem? *poſſet* qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno læſo *non inſanire* lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
(*q*) Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum *pueris* concedere ludum;

Soon

(*r*) Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask these sober questions of my heart.
(*s*) If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease? 215
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
(*t*) When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace;
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'rers preach. 225
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

(*r*) Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed *veræ numerosque modosque* ediscere *vitæ*.
Quocirca *mecum* loquor hæc, tacitusque recordor:
(*s*) Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
(*t*) Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem?
At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,

NOTES.

Ver. 220. *When servile chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken—t.

The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
(*u*) If there be truth in law, and uſe can give 230
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abbs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
All (*x*) Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, ſold to town,
His ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own: 235
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
(*y*) Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln-fen, 241
Buy ev'ry ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity ſhould ſtand:

Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris, te ſi quis avarior uno.
(*u*) Si *proprium* eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et ære eſt,
Quædam (ſi credis *conſultis*) mancipat *uſus*:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbî,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit.
(*x*) das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerata nuper*, an *olim*?
(*y*) Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat: emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam

Eſtates

Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
(z) Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions, (juſt the ſame the caſe,
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace), 255
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing granaries and temples here,
Their mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
Incloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
(a) Gold, ſilver, iv'ry, vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Perſian dye, 265
There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
(b) Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.

(z) Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte ſuprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *uſus*, et hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid *vici* proſunt, aut *horrea?* quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
(a) Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curat habere.
(b) Cur alter fratrum *ceſſare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosv'nor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in court and parliament; 275
One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that directing Pow'r,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: his great end the same.

(*c*) Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:

Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit *genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

(*c*) Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *hæres*,
Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.

NOTES.

Ver. 273. *All Townshend's turnips*,] Lord Townshend, secretary of state to George the First and Second.—When this great statesman retired from business, he amused himself in husbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

Ver. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe*,] Employed in settling the colony of Georgia.

Ver. 288. *But sure no statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the succession of Papists, &c.

I, who

I, who at ſometimes ſpend, at others ſpare, 290
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away. 295
(*d*) What is't to me (a paſſenger, God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The ſhip itſelf may make a better figure,
But I, that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
(*e*) "But why all this of av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone; 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r;
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of Death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne, 310
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?

Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum.
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim.*
(*d*) Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem.*
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
(*e*) Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire.
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315
Has life no fourneſs, drawn ſo near its end?
Can'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your bus'neſs done, 320
When, of an hundred thorns, you pull out one?
(*f*) Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage: 325
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom folly pleaſes, and whoſe follies pleaſe.

Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te exempta levat ſpinis de pluribus una?
(*f*) Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, et pulſet laſciva decentius ætas.

THE

THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

Dean of St. PAUL's, versified.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili *scripta legentes*
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors; 5
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant, that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10

SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
Tho' like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove

Yet

Yet like the Papiſt's, is the poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus, as the pipes of ſome carv'd organ move;
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow;
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below. 20
One ſings the fair; but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.
Theſe write to lords, ſome mean reward to get, 25
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives idiot-actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome organs, puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit; 30
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt through him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe confeſſors and martyrs, 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Outcant old Eſdras, or outdrink his heir,
Outuſure Jews, or Iriſhmen outſwear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears. 40
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no canoniſt can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence; 45
Whoſe crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,

But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his rav'nous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth theſe things outſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe
. . . . . to outuſure Jews,
T' outdrink the ſea, t' outſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins canoniſts could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus*, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)

And

And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an attorney of an aſs. 50
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows hearts;
Call himſelf barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And woo in language of the pleas and bench? 60
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known, 65
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own:*
What thanks, what praiſe, if *Peter* but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face, if he denies!

Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a poet: jollier of this ſtate
Than are new-benefic'd miniſters, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wherefoe'er he goes
His title of barriſter on ev'ry wench,
And wooes in language of the pleas and bench. **
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's ſoft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbyes roar.
Then ſick with poetry, and poſſeſs'd with muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law-practice for meer gain: bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk

Grave,

Grave, as when pris'ners ſhake the head, and ſwear
'Twas only ſuretyſhip that brought 'em there. 70
His *office* keeps your parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in chariots *Peter* puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws, 75
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters even to godly **. 80
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of baſtardy in heirs to crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till, like the ſea, they compaſs all the land, 85
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand:
And when rank widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Janſen* punts at White's,
Or city-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they. 90

Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear,
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in the king's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand.
And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:

Piecemeal

Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, cov'nants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires:* 100
No comentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *pow'r and glory* clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground? 110

For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding-cheer)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length; (as in those first dayes
When *Luther* was profest, he did desire
Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a fryer
Each day his beads; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *power and glory* clause);
But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,

We

We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes 115
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe as good works, 'tis true, we all allow; 121
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence; 125
Let no court-ſycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of treaſon, or the law.

As ſlily as any commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means bleſt. In rich mens homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jawes.

SATIRE III.

Versified by Dr. PARNELL.

COMPASSION checks my ſpleen, yet ſcorn denies
The tears a paſſage thro' my ſwelling eyes;
To *laugh* or *weep* at ſins might idly ſhow
Unheedful paſſion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! ariſe, and try thy ſharper ways, 5
If ever ſatire cur'd an old diſeaſe.
Is not *Religion* (Heav'n-deſcended dame)
As worthy all our ſoul's devouteſt flame,
As moral virtue in her early ſway,
When the beſt heathens ſaw by doubtful day? 10
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and ſtrong to vanquiſh earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, reſpect, and ſhow,
As all rewards that virtue found below?
Alas! religion proper means prepares, 15
Theſe means are ours, and muſt its *end* be theirs?
And ſhall thy father's ſpirit meet the ſight
Of heathen ſages cloth'd in heav'nly light,
Whoſe merit of ſtrict life, ſeverely ſuited
To reaſon's dictates, may be *faith* imputed? 20
Whilſt thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever baniſh'd from the bleſs'd abode.
Oh! if thy temper ſuch a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the nobleſt kind.
Dar'ſt thou provoke, when rebel ſouls aſpire, 25
The *Maker*'s vengeance, and thy *monarch*'s ire?
Or live entomb'd in ſhips, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the ſea?
In ſearch of *pearl*, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the ſun, in mines beneath? 30
Or, where in tempeſts icy mountains roll,
Attempt a paſſage by the northern pole?

Or

Or dar'ſt thou ſearch within the fires of *Spain*,
Or burn beneath the Line, for Indian gain?
Or for ſome *idol* of thy *fancy* draw 35
Some looſe-gown'd dame; O courage made of ſtraw!
Thus, deſp'rate coward! wouldſt thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to *his*, ignobly yield,
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field? 40
Know thy own foes; th' *apoſtate angel*, he
You ſtrive to pleaſe, the foremoſt of the three;
He makes the pleaſures of his realm the bait;
But can *he* give for *love*, that acts in *hate*?
The *world*'s thy ſecond love, thy ſecond foe, 45
The *world*, whoſe beauties periſh as they blow:
They fly, ſhe fades herſelf, and at the beſt
You graſp a wither'd ſtrumpet to your breaſt.
The *fleſh* is next, which in fruition waſtes,
High flush'd with all the ſenſual joys it taſtes, 50
While men the fair, the goodly *ſoul* deſtroy,
From whence the *fleſh*, has pow'r to taſte a joy.
Seek'ſt thou Religion, primitively ſound—
Well, gentle friend, but where may ſhe be found?
By faith *implicit* blind *Ignaro* led, 55
Thinks the bright ſeraph from *his* country fled,
And ſeeks her ſeat at Rome, becauſe we know
She there was ſeen a thouſand years ago;
And loves her relic rags, as men obey
The *foot-cloth* where the prince ſat yeſterday. 60
Theſe pageant forms are whining *Obed*'s ſcorn,
Who ſeeks religion at *Geneva* born,
A ſullen thing, whoſe coarſeneſs ſuits the crowd;
Tho' young, unhandſome; tho' unhandſome, proud:
Thus, with the wanton, ſome perverſely judge 65
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.
No foreign ſchemes make eaſy *Cæpio* roam,
The man contented takes his church at home;
Nay, ſhould ſome preachers, ſervile bawds of gain,
Should ſome new laws, which like new faſhions reign,
Commands his faith to count *ſalvation* ty'd 71
To viſit *his*, and viſit *none* beſide,

He grants ſalvation centers in his own,
And grants it centers but in his *alone:*
From youth to age he graſps the proffer'd dame, 75
And *they* confer his *faith*, who give his *name:*
So from the guardian's hands, the wards who live
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give.
From all profeſſions careleſs *Airy* flies,
For, *all* profeſſions can't be good, he cries, 80
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuſe.
So men, who know what *ſome* looſe girls have done,
For fear of marrying *ſuch*, will marry *none*.
The charms of *all* obſequious *Courtly* ſtrike; 85
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as diff'rent countries deck the dame,
The dreſſes alt'ring, and the ſex the ſame;
So fares religion, chang'd in outward ſhow,
But 'tis religion ſtill, where'er we go: 90
This blindneſs ſprings from an exceſs of light,
And men embrace the *wrong* to chuſe the *right*.
But *thou* of force muſt *one* religion own,
And only *one*, and that the *right* alone.
To find that *right one*, aſk thy rev'rend ſire; 95
Let him of his, and him of *his* inquire:
Tho' *truth* and *falſehood* ſeem as twins ally'd,
There's elderſhip on *truth*'s delightful ſide,
Her ſeek with heed—who ſeeks the ſoundeſt *firſt*,
Is not of *no* religion, nor the *worſt*. 100
T' *adore*, or *ſcorn* an image, or *proteſt*,
May *all* be bad: doubt wiſely for the beſt;
'Twere wrong to ſleep, or headlong run aſtray;
It is not wand'ring, to inquire the way.
On a large mountain, at the baſis wide, 105
Steep to the top, and craggy at the ſide,
Sits ſacred *Truth* enthron'd; and he who means
To reach the ſummit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and ev'ry turn eſſays
Where ſudden breaks reſiſt the ſhorter ways. 110
Yet labour ſo, that, ere faint age arrive,
Thy ſearching ſoul poſſeſs her reſt alive;

To

To work by twilight were to work too late,
And *age* is twilight to the night of *Fate*.
To *will* alone, is but to mean delay; 115
To work at *present* is the use of day,
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High *thoughts* the *soul*, hard *deeds* the *body* strain:
And *myst'ries* ask believing, which to view
Like the fair *sun*, are plain, but dazzling too. 120
Be *Truth*, so found, with sacred heed possest,
Not *kings* have pow'r to tear it from thy breast.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they *vicars*, but the *hands* of Fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who lett'st thy soul be ty'd 125
To *human* laws! Or must it *so* be try'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
When judgment sits, and justice asks thy plea,
That *Philip* that, or *Greg'ry* taught thee this,
Or *John* or *Martin?* all may teach amiss: 130
For, ev'ry contrary in each extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the same.
Wouldst thou to *pow'r* a proper duty shew?
'Tis thy first task the bounds of pow'r to know:
The *bounds* once past, it holds the name no more, 135
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were submission humbleness exprest,
But all a low *idolatry* at best.
Pow'r, from above subordinately spread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head; 140
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,
But roar a torrent or a flood *below*;
Each flow'r, ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty from its roots is torn,
And left on deserts, rocks, and sands, or tost 145
All the long travel, and in ocean lost:
So fares the soul, which more that pow'r reveres
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes, 5
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd; 10
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *I die in charity with fool and knave,*] We verily think he did. But of the cauſe of his death, not only the doctors, but other people differed. His family ſuggeſts, that a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended with a dropſy in the breaſt. The *gentlemen of the Dunciad* maintain, that he fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourſelves ſhould be inclined to this latter opinion, for the ſake of ornamenting his ſtory; and that we might be able to ſay, that he died, like his immortal nameſake, *Alexander the Great*, by a drug of ſo deadly cold a nature, that, as Plutarch and other grave writers tell us, it could be contained in nothing but the ſcull of an aſs.—This is a grievous error. It was the *hoof* of an aſs; a much likelier vehicle of miſchief.

Had

Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to court!—the dev'l would have it ſo.
But, as the fool that in reforming days 15
Would go to maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter, than on Afric's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wond'rous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign. 31

I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to court; but as Glare which did go
To maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
Two hundred markes, which is the ſtatutes curſe,
Before he ſcap'd; ſo it pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe, as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange than on Nile's ſlime the ſun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Afric monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,

The

The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night, would ſwear him dropt out of the moon.
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take, 35
And the wiſe Juſtice, ſtarting from his chair,
Cry, By your prieſthood, tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs, 40
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away. 45
This thing has travell'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
Henley himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.

If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry;
Sir, by your prieſthood, tell me what you are?
His clothes were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black, tho' bare,
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become tuff-taffety; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all ſtates belongs,
Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
The

The doctor's wormwood ſtyle, the haſh of tongues
A pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And, (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling bar: 55
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me! 65
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if —'s your name.
What *ſpeech* eſteem you moſt? "The *king*'s," ſaid I.
But the beſt *words?*—"O Sir, the *dictionary.*"
You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute 70
And perfect *ſpeaker?*—"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."

Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedants motly tongue, ſoldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this; yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God,
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the beſt linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepine's dictionary.
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men

But,

But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for closer style,
"But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
Nay troth th' apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.
Thus others talents having nicely shown, 80
He came by sure transition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tow'r had stood. 85
"Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made:
"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
"Spirits like you, should see, and should be seen,
"The King would smile on you—at least the Queen."
Ah, gentle Sir! your courtiers so cajole us— 90
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus:*

Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He stop'd me, and said, Nay your apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion

NOTES.

Ver. 73. *a period of a mile*] *A stadium of Euripides* was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long;* which, because the humour, as well as the measure of the expression was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit, without doubt paying due attention to that sober rule of Quintilian, *Licet omnis hyperbole sit ultra fidem, non tamen debit esse ultra modum.*

And

And as for courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way,
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſpay'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made: 95
And tho' the court ſhow vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies,
" Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things, 100
" To gaze on princes and to talk of kings!"
Then, happy man who ſhews the tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal family;
He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, eaſe and bread.
" Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic; ſtrangely low,
" And coarſe of phraſe—your Engliſh all are ſo.
" How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111

To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can princes courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring ſqueaks, O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: the way to it is King's-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.

" Oh!

" Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Paduaſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille— 115
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe, 120
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſs'd it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, " What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125
He hears, and as a ſtill with ſimples in it
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere houſehold traſh! of birthnights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollinſheads, or Halls, or Stows, 131
When the *Queen* frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle miniſter may make of that:

Certes they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly: I chaf'd him: but as itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worſe: ſo I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And aſks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a ſtill, which ſtayes
A ſembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth t' enrich me, ſo tells many a lie.
More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſehold traſh: he knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtile ſtateſman may gather of that;

Who

Who ſins with whom: who got his penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a reverſion by a drug: 135
Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a biſhop, or a whore:
Who, having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the ſecret, deals in ſtocks ſecure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor;
Who makes a truſt of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes riſe, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis ſee the country, or the town: 145
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing courtier will have toll.
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'ſquire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At laſt, (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all), 150
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate—yet he thruſts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks gazettes and poſtboys o'er by heart. 155

He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſtes to an office's reverſion;
Who waſtes in meat, in cloaths, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells to tranſport;
ſhortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome courtier; and wiſer than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a patient, yet
He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all ſtates and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to the loſs of Amyens.

Like a big wife, at ſight of loathſome meat,
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a port. 165
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe,
Already half turn'd traitor by ſurpriſe.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me, 170
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our giant ſtatutes ope its jaw.

Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this makaron * talk: In vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a privileg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He ſaith our wars thrive ill becauſe delaid;
That offices are entail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare and Dunkirkers.
I more amaz'd than Circe's priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our giant ſtatutes ope his jaw

NOTES.

* Whom we call an *aſs*, the Italians ſtyle *maccheroni*.

In

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood juſt a-tilt, the miniſter came by. 175
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid to ſee 180
All the court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt, as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of Senſe: 185
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity kings!

To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venemous leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine, to 'ſcape a torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fiddlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown; ſcant
His thanks were ended when I (which did ſee
All the court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſte from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs

There ſober Thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A viſion hermits can to hell tranſport, 190
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but ſuits not me: 195
Shall I, the terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble ſerving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee 200
For huffing, braggart, puff'd Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh ſun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court? 205
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a *court in wax!*
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:

Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
Itſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court and worſe and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs, Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, braggart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O ſun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your * waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand

NOTES.

Ver. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous ſhow of the court of France in wax-work.

* A ſhow of the Italian garden in wax-work, in the time of King James I.

Such

Such painted puppets; ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things— 210
No wonder ſome folks bow and think them kings.
See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the court, and come
All freſh and fragrant to the drawing-room; 215
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's velvet for a king!" the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules, 220
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers' clothes?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg, but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt. 225

With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks * are; their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *preſence*, and I, (God pardon me):
As freſh and ſweet their apparels be, as be
Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well

NOTES.

Ver. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-houſe; Fig's, a prize-fighter's academy, where the young nobility received inſtruction in thoſe days: it was alſo cuſtomary for the nobility and gentry to viſit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

Ver. 220. *our ſtage give rules,*] alluding to the Chamberlain's authority.

* That is, of wood.

Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochinell,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim, 230
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And, "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought, 235
'Twould burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer pagod.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
Of all beau-kind the beſt-proportion'd fools!

At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with cutchanel)
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet.
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe, himſelf at door refine,
As if the preſence were a moſque: and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his cloaths to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate

NOTES.

Ver. 240. *Durer's rules.*] Albert Durer.

Adjuſt

Adjuſt their clothes, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw;
But eh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes, 250
With band of lily, and with cheek of roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt, proteſt:* 255
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*
Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both, 260
Whoſe air cries, arm! whoſe very look's an oath:

Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and ſymmetry
Perfect as circles *, with ſuch nicety
As a young preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the *inquiſition;*
And whiſpers by *Jeſu* ſo oft, that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth

NOTES.

* Becauſe all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal.

The

The captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door: 265
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
Each man an *Aſkapart*, of ſtrength to toſs,
For quoits, both Temble-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.

Call a rough careleſsneſs,, good faſhion:
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill-words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm!
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe *Aſkaparts* *, men big enough to throw
Charing-croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, ſtaggons of wine.

NOTES.

Ver. 274. *For hung with deadly ſins*] The room hung with old tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins.

* A giant famous in romances.

Courts

Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine: 280
Charge them with heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine!
From ſuch alone the great rebukes endure,
Whoſe ſatire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains, but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a court in tears. 285
Howe'er what's now Apocrypha, my wit
In time to come, may paſs for holy writ.

I ſhook like a ſpied ſpie—preachers which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my writs canonical.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

In Two DIALOGUES.

Written in M,DCC,XXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ.
And are, beſides, too *moral* for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all muſt feel— 5
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their truſt in Peter." 10

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth*, &c.] Theſe two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are ſo in the whole poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent cenſurer,

'Tis all from Horace; &c.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Becauſe you think your reputation made:
Like good * * of whom ſo much was ſaid,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refreſh us with a livelier ſong,
Or like * * you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, ſhould be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Beſides, you grow too moral for a wit.

But

Plate V. Vol. II. facing p. 150

O sacred Weapon left for Truths Defence
Sole Dread of Folly Vice and Insolence
To all but Heaven directed Hands denied
The Muse may give thee but the Gods must guide

T. Phinn Sc. Epp. 2. to the Satires

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *vice:*
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the crown,*
Blunt could *do buſ'neſs*, H--ggins *knew the town;*
In Sappho touch the *failings of the ſex,* 15
In rev'rend biſhops note ſome *ſmall neglects,*
And own, the Spaniard did a *waggiſh thing,*
Who cropt our ears, and ſent them to the king.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle,
Could pleaſe at court, and make AUGUSTUS ſmile: 20
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and ſhame, and was a kind of *ſcreen.*
But 'faith your very friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought 25
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?

Seen

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *Bubo obſerves,*] Some guilty perſon very fond of making ſuch an obſervation.

Ver. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly jailor of the Fleet-priſon, enriched himſelf by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

Ver. 18. *Who cropt our ears*] Said to be executed by the captain of a Spaniſh ſhip, on one Jenkins, a captain of an Engliſh one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his maſter.

Ver. 22. *Screen.*]

" Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
" Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit." PERS.

Ibid. *Screen*] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain perſon in power.

Ver. 24. *Patriots there are,* &c.] This appellation was generally given to thoſe in oppoſition to the court. Though ſome of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and intereſted to deſerve that name.

Ver. 26. *The great man*] A phraſe, by common uſe, appropriated to the firſt miniſter.

Ver. 29. *Seen him I have,* &c.] This and other ſtrokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to him on all occaſions, were in acknowledgement of a certain ſervice the

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of ſocial pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r; 30
Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *ſcripture* ſtill you may be free;
A horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *honeſty;*
A joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his principle, or wig: 40

A patriot

miniſter had done a prieſt at Mr. Pope's ſolicitation. Our poet, when he was about ſeventeen, had a very ill fever in the country, which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a prieſt of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his laſt leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and ſolicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down poſt to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the deſired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an intereſt in the court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehenſion that his promotion would give umbrage to the Engliſh court, to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's ſervice, was become very obnoxious. The perſon to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the caſe, he immediately wrote to Sir Robert Walpole about it; begged that this embargo might be taken off; and acquainted him with the grounds of ſolicitation. That he was indebted to Southcot for his life, and he muſt diſcharge his obligation either here or in purgatory. The miniſter received the application favourably, and with much good nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove this obſtruction. In conſequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful ſenſe of his civility.

Ver. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] Theſe two verſes were originally in the poem, though omitted in all the firſt editions.

Ver. 37. *Why yes; with ſcripture ſtill you may be free;*] Thus the man commonly called *Mother Oſborne*, who was in the miniſter's pay, and wrote Journals; for one paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two againſt J. C.

Ver. 39. *A joke on Jekyl,*] Sir Joſeph Jekyl, maſter of the rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmoſt probity.

A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the ſtage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who's the man, ſo near 45
"His prince, that writes in verſe, and has his ear?"
Why, anſwer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verſes vile, his whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe. 50
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome ſtateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more. 56
To vice and folly, to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the ſneer of more impartial men
At ſenſe and virtue, balance all agen. 60
Judicious wits ſpread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu diſtinction, ſatire, warmth, and truth!

NOTES.

He ſometimes voted againſt the court, which drew upon him the laugh here deſcribed of ONE who beſtowed it equally upon religion and honeſty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

Ver. 47. *Why, anſwer, Lyttelton,*] George Lyttelton, ſecretary to the Prince of Wales, diſtinguiſhed both for his writings and ſpeeches in the ſpirit of liberty.

Ver. 51. *Sejanus, Wolſey*], The one the wicked miniſter of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers againſt the court uſually beſtowed theſe and other odious names on the miniſter, without diſtinction, and in the moſt injurious manner. See Dial. ii. ver. 137.

Ibid. *Fleury,*] Cardinal, and miniſter to Louis XV. It was a patriot faſhion, at that time, to cry up his wiſdom and honeſty.

Ver. 56. *So much the better, you may laugh the more.*] Their *ſoreneſs* being a clear indication of their wanting the frequent repetition of this diſcipline.

Come, harmleſs characters, that no one hit; 65
Come Henley's oratory, Oſborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly ſenſe, 70
That firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The St—e's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy, Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
All boys may read, and girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *nation*'s *ſenſe*;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad verſe on CAROLINA's urn, 80
And hail her paſſage to the realms of reſt,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her children bleſt!
No—ſatire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—

And

NOTES.

Ver. 66. *Henley—Oſborne*,] See them in their places in the Dunciad.

Ver. 69. *The gracious dew*] Alludes to ſome court-ſermons, and florid panegyrical ſpeeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an addreſs in the ſame pretty ſtyle; and was laſtly ſerved up in an epitaph, between Latin and Engliſh, publiſhed by its author.

Ver. 80. *Carolina*] Queen-conſort to King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occaſion, as is obſerved above, to many indiſcreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whoſe laſt moments manifeſted the utmoſt courage and reſolution.

How highly our poet thought of that truly great perſonage, may be ſeen by one of his letters to Mr. Allen, written at that time; in which, amongſt others equally reſpectful, are the following words: "The Queen ſhowed, by the confeſſion of all about her, "the utmoſt firmneſs and temper to her laſt moments, and "through the courſe of great torments. What character hiſto-"rians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domeſtic ſer-"vants, and thoſe neareſt her, give her the beſt teſtimony, that "of ſincere tears."

Ver. 84. *No* Gazetteer *more innocent than I*—] The Gazetter is

And let, a God's name, ev'ry fool and knave 85
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re!
Silent and soft, as saints remove to heav'n,
All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a court;

There

NOTES.

one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office, to write the government's news-paper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steel had once this post. And he describes the condition of it very well, in *The apology for himself and his writings*, " My next " appearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest minister " of state, to wit, in the office of gazetteer; where I worked " faithfully, according to order, without ever erring against the " rule observed by all ministers, to keep that paper very innocent " and very insipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every ga- " zette-day against the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of " being remarkably negligent of what people say which I do not " deserve."

Ver. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De—re!*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I. and II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the house, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.

Ver. 97. *There, where no passion*, &c.] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *spirit* of courts, and the principle of monarchies: " Qu'on lise ce que les " historiens de tous les tems ont dit sur la cour des monarques; " qu'on se rapelle les conversations de hommes des tous les païs " sur le miserable caractére des COURTISANS; ce ne sont point " des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience. L'am- " bition dans l'oisiveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'en- " richir sans travail, l'aversion pour la vérité; la flaterie, la tra- " hison, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ses engagemens, le me- " pris des devoirs du citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du prince, " l'esperance de ses foiblesses, et plus, que tout cela, LE RIDI-

There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:
But past the sense of human miseries, 101
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory, 106
And when three sov'reigns died, could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a *gracious prince* was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings; 110
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of *vice* be lost?
Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke, 115
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will? 120
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things),
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 112. in some editions,
Who starves a mother.

NOTES.

" CULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois, le " caractére de la plupart des courtisans marqué dans tous les lieux " et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que les princi- " paux d'un etat soient malhonnêtes-gens, et que les inferieurs " soient gens-de-bien, que ceux-là soyent trompeurs, et que ceux- " ci consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans le peuple il se " trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de " Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* insinue, qu'un Monarque " doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant-il est vrai que la Vertu n'est " pas le ressort de ce gouvernment."

Ver. 115. *Cibber's son—Rich*] Two players: look for them in the Dunciad.

If

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life, 125
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on *Gin*. 130
Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;

NOTES.

Ver. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious foolish book called *The oracles of reason*, who, being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died.

Ver. 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A philosophical discourse on death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, it seems, to whom he read in moral philosophy, was a noted *gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into his master's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols. And, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the philosopher, on presenting him with one of his pistols, that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that, as to himself, having lost his stake, he was become an *useless* member in society, and so was resolved to quit his *station*; and that, as to him, his *guide*, *philosopher*, and *friend*, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that *chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company. All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out Murder! which brought in company to his relief.—This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

Ver. 125. *But shall a printer*, &c.] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.

Ver. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people, till it was restrained by an act of parliament in 1736.

Ver. 131. *Let modest* FOSTER,] This confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That "there be very few bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic preachers can do." *Hist. of civ. wars, p.* 62.

A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine—yea in life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward ſhame, 135
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.
Virtue may chuſe the high or low degree,
'Tis juſt alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's ſtill the ſame belov'd, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her birth,
And ſtoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the *fall* degrades her to a whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more,
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confeſs, 145
Chaſte matrons praiſe her, and grave biſhops bleſs;
In golden chains the willing world ſhe draws,
And hers the goſpel is, and hers the laws,
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale virtue carted in her ſtead. 150
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a ſcar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold, 155
Before her dance; behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or ſon!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160
In ſoldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be ſlaves!
See, all our fools aſpiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All,

NOTES.

Ver. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor biſhopric in Wales, as poorly ſupplied.

Ver. 165. *The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore—Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:*] And no wonder, for *the wit of cheats* being the evaſion of juſtice, and the *courage of a whore* the con-

All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the law;
While truth, worth, wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is ſacred now but villainy." 170
Yet may this verſe, (if ſuch a verſe remain)
Show there was one who held it in diſdain.

NOTES.

tempt for reputation; theſe emancipate men from the two tyrannical reſtraints upon *free ſpirits*, fear of *puniſhment*, and dread of *ſhame*.

EPI-

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Written in M,DCC,XXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to-day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the ſins of *Thirty-nine!* 5
Vice with ſuch giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing genius ſins up to my ſong.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh; 10
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a daſh.
Spare then the perſon, and expoſe the vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the ſharper, but the dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouce on all the kind. 15
Ye ſtateſmen, prieſts, of one religion all!
Ye tradeſmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend atheiſts. *F.* Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why, that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a ſiſter, who forſwore a debt, 20
I never nam'd; the town's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the ſecret, and not you!

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Paxton*] Late ſolicitor to the treaſury.

Ver. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The ordinary of Newgate, who publiſhes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be ſo tender of their reputation, as to ſet down no more than the initials of their name.

The

The bribing ſtateſman—*F.* Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector—*F.* There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what; 26
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Muſt great offenders, once eſcap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to ſpare the knight requires, 30
As beaſts of nature may we hunt the ſquires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a biſhop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the trade. 35
P. If not the tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
Go drench a pick-pocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendleſs villain, than the great? 45
Alas! the ſmall diſcredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the ſcribe.
Then better ſure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;

NOTES.

Ver. 31. *As beaſts of nature may we hunt the ſquires?*] The expreſſion is rough, like the ſubject, but no reflection: for if *beaſts of nature*, then not beaſts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country-ſquires. However, the Latin is nobler, *feræ natura*, *things* uncivilized, and free. *Feræ*, as the critics ſay, being from the Hebrew *Pere*, Aſinus ſilveſtris.

Ver. 35. *You hurt a man that's riſing in the trade.*] For, as the reaſonable *De la Bruyere* obſerves, "Qui ne fait être un ERASME, "doit penſer à être *Evêque*."

Ver. 39. *wretched Wild;*] Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own train and hanged.

Ver. 42. *for the love of vice!*] We muſt conſider the poet as here directing his diſcourſe to a follower of the new ſyſtem of politics, That *private vices are public benefits*.

Still

Still better, miniſters; or, if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire, then, nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why, the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete example fears? 56
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate, if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to virtue ſome years hence— 60
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praiſe a courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name? 65
Pleas'd let me own, in *Eſher*'s peaceful grove,
(Where *Kent* and nature vie for PELHAM's love),
The ſcene, the maſter, op'ning to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGGS anew!
Ev'n in a biſhop I can ſpy deſert; 70
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a heart,
Manners with candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry virtue under heav'n.

NOTES.

Ver. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly eſcaped the pillory for forgery; and got off with a ſevere rebuke only from the bench.

Ver. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and knight of the garter, whoſe perſonal attachments to the king appeared from his ſteady adherence to the royal intereſt, after his reſignation of his great employment of maſter of the horſe: and whoſe known honour and virtue made him eſteemed by all parties.

Ver. 66. *Eſher's peaceful grove,*] The houſe and gardens of Eſher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcaſtle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs.

But

But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love: 75
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:
CARLETON'S calm sense, and STANHOPE'S noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same: 81
How pleasing ATTERBURY'S softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit: 85

NOTES.

Ver. 74. *But does the court a worthy man remove?*] The poet means, *remove* him for his *worth:* not that he esteemed the being *in* or *out* a proof either of corruption, or virtue. "I had a glimpse "of a letter of yours lately, (says he to Dr. Swift), by which I find "you are, *like the vulgar*, apter to think well of people *out* of "power, than of people *in* power. Perhaps it is a mistake; but "however, there is something in it generous." *Lett.* 17. *Sept.* 3, 1726, vol. vi.

Ver. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.

Ibid. *Halifax*,] A peer no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Q. Anne's ministry.

Ver. 79. *Shrewsbury*,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been secretary of state, ambassador in France, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, lord chamberlain, and lord treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

Ver. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle), who was secretary of state under King William III. and president of the council under Q. Anne.

Ibid. *Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and secretary of state.

Ver. 84. *Chesterfield*] Philip Earl of Chesterfield, commonly given by writers of all parties for an example to the age he lives in, of *superior talents*, and *public virtue*.

ARGYLL,

ARGYLL, the ſtate's whole thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the ſenate and the field:
Or WYNDHAM, juſt to freedom and the throne,
The maſter of our paſſions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! no foll'wer, but a friend.
Yet think not, friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow *virtue;* where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe; 95
Point ſhe to prieſt or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver caſt a glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of friends, (nay, look not grave),
Have ſtill a ſecret bias to a knave: 101
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verſe. 105
But random praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each mother aſks it for her booby ſon,
Each widow aſks it for the *beſt of men,*
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like ſatire, to the ground; 110
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, chancellor of the exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a conſiderable figure; but ſince a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmoſt judgment and temper.

Ver. 92. *And if yet higher,* &c.] He was at that time honoured with the eſteem and favour of his Royal Highneſs the Prince.

Ver. 99. *my Lord May'r.*] Sir John Bernard, Lord Mayor in the year of the poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public ſpirit, and great talents in parliament. An excellent man, magiſtrate, and ſenator. In the year 1747, the city of London, in memory of his many and ſignal ſervices to his country, erected a ſtatue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good man.

Enough

Enough for half the greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my cenſure, not expect my praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend? 115
What RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS ſcarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No pow'r, the Muſe's friendſhip can command;
No pow'r when virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* paid one honeſt line; 120
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about. 125
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.
COBHAM's a coward, POLWARTH is a ſlave, 130
And LYTTELTON a dark, deſigning knave,
ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a tyrant to his wife. 135
But, pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh, all-accompliſh'd ST. JOHN! deck thy ſhrine?

NOTES.

Ver. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place, Dunciad, book ii. ver. 315.

Ver. 130. *Polwarth*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, ſon of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, grandſon of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and diſtinguiſhed, like them, in the cauſe of liberty.

Ver. 136. *do I blame? Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?*] The leaders of parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their buſineſs by a ſingle rule of rhetoric, which they may have learned of Quintilian, or perhaps of a much older Sophiſt, "Si "nihil quod nos adjuvet, erit, quæramus quid adverſarium lædat."

What? ſhall each ſpurgall'd hackney of the day, 140
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-penſion'd ſycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my gueſt at whom they threw the dirt? 145
Sure, if I ſpare the miniſter, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His ſaws are toothleſs, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150
To ſee a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt: 155
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's ſake, where's th' affront to you?
Againſt your Worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whoſe diſtich all commend 160
[*In pow'r a ſervant, out of pow'r a friend*]
To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The prieſt whoſe flattery bedropt the crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the gown. 165
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whoſe ſpeech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole houſe did afterwards the ſame. 170

NOTES.

Ver. 160. *the bard*] A verſe taken out of a poem, to Sir R. W.

Ver. 164. *The prieſt*, &c.] Spoken not of any particular prieſt, but of many prieſts.

Ver. 166. *And how did*, &c.] This ſeems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71. of the preceding dialogue.

Let

Let courtly wits to wits afford ſupply,
As hog to hog in huts of Weſtphaly:
If one, thro' nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin; 175
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*. 180
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—
P. So does flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
Write not, and Chartres ſcarce would write or read,
In all the courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
Muſt never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous paſtor blame a failing ſpouſe,
Without a ſtaring reaſon on his brows?
And each blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod, 195
Becauſe the inſult's not on man, but God?
Aſk you what provocation I have had?
The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a foe profeſs'd to falſe pretence, 201
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his ſenſe;

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Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no ſlave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave: 206
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule alone.
O ſacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and inſolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal; 216
To rouſe the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate ſlumb'ring in his ſtall.
Ye tinſel inſects! whom a court maintains, 220
That counts your beauties only by your ſtains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes ſaints of queens, and gods of kings.

NOTES.

Ver. 204. *And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.*] From Terence: "Homo ſum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Ver. 219. *And goad the prelate ſlumb'ring in his ſtall.*] The good *Euſebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *Ox* and the Chriſtian *Prieſthood*. Hence the dignified clergy, out of mere humility, have ever ſince called their *thrones* by the name of *ſtalls*. To which a great prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modeſtly alluding, (who otherwiſe had been long ſince forgotten), has rendered his name immortal by this eccleſiaſtical aphoriſm, *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger.* By which, however, it appears that he was not one of thoſe here condemned, who *ſlumber in their ſtalls.*

Ver. 222. *cobwebs*] Weak and ſlight ſophiſtry againſt virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to ſhade the ſun.

All,

All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt addreſs. 227
When black ambition ſtains a public cauſe,
A monarch's ſword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's ſcar, 230
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a ſtar.
Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s ſhrine,
Her prieſteſs Muſe forbids the good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*. 235
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the grave;
Far other ſtars than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from STAIR:
(Such as on HOUGH's unſully'd mitre ſhine, 240
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine).

Let

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the ſtar that lighted Charles to riſe?
—With that which followed Julius to the ſkies.
Angels, that watch'd the royal oak ſo well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckleſs Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd ſo low
As to the regal touch, and papal toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

Ver. 228. *When black ambition*, &c.] The caſe of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conqueſt of the Low Countries.

Ver. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the feather to a ſtar.*] See his ode on Namur; where (to uſe his own words) "Il a fait un Aſtre de la "plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement a ſon chapeau, "et qui eſt en effet une eſpece de Comete, fatale a nos ennemis."

Ver. 237. *Anſtis*] The chief herald at arms. It is the cuſtom, at the funeral of great peers, to caſt into the grave the broken ſtaves and enſigns of honour.

Ver. 239. *Stair:*] John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, knight of the thiſtle; ſerved in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as ambaſſador in France.

Ver. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough, Biſhop of Worceſter, and the Lord Digby. The one an aſſertor of the

Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole chorus ſings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies: 245
Truth guards the poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt pen for freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, laſt of Britons! let your names be read; 250
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the dead,
And for that cauſe which made your fathers ſhine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.
Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.* 255

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 255. in the MS.
Quit, quit theſe themes, and write Eſſays on Man.

NOTES.

church of England, in oppoſition to the falſe meaſures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cauſe of that king. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.

Ver. *ult.*] This was the laſt poem of the kind printed by our author, with a reſolution to publiſh no more; but to enter thus, in the moſt plain and ſolemn manner he could, a ſort of PROTEST againſt that inſuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been ſo unhappy as to live to ſee. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued theſe attacks; but bad men were grown ſo ſhameleſs, and ſo powerful, that ridicule was become as unſafe as it was ineffectual. The poem raiſed him, as he knew it would, ſome enemies; but he had reaſon to be ſatisfied with the approbation of good men, and the teſtimony of his own conſcience.

ON

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the LADY

FRANCES SHIRLEY*

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take, (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene),
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard deſert,
" And if a vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipt them in the ſable well,
The fount of Fame or Infamy.

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries),
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's †, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

NOTES.

* A lady whoſe great merit Mr. Pope took a real pleaſure in celebrating.

† A famous toy-ſhop at Bath.

" You'd

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs *;
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib †.

" *Athenian Queen!* and *ſober charms!*
" I tell you, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms ‡;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print ||.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither truth nor lies §,
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of those that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

NOTES.

* The *Dunciad.*

† The *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

‡ Such toys being the uſual preſents from lovers to their miſtreſſes.

|| When ſhe delivers Æneas a ſuit of heavenly armour.

§ *i. e.* If you have neither the courage to write *ſatire*, nor the application to attempt an *epic* poem.—He was then meditating on ſuch a work.

AN

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

Occasioned by the Death of

MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO

MR. WARBURTON.

By J. BROWN, A. M.

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ESSAY

ESSAY ON SATIRE.

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN's heart:
You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in reſt profound, 5
(Unconſcious BRITAIN!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign: 10
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn;
And ſnake-hung ENVY hiſſes o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the laurel that ſurrounds his tomb.
  But YOU, O WARBURTON! whoſe eye refin'd 15
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each virtue and each grace unite,
And taſte the raptures of a *pure* delight;
You viſit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd there; 20
You trace the chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new luſtre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw 25
SATIRE's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous end.
  In ev'ry breaſt there burns an active flame,
The love of Glory, or the dread of Shame: 30
The paſſion ONE, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The liſping infant, and the hoary ſire,
And youth and manhood, feel the heart-born fire:

The

The charms of Praiſe the coy, the modeſt woo, 35
And only fly, that Glory may purſue:
She, pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great:
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly ſhade,
And ſways alike the ſceptre and the ſpade. 40
Thus Heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame:
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the manna ſent him from the ſkies:
With rapture hears corrupted Paſſion's call, 45
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* ſubſtance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the viſionary prize,
In queſt of glory plunges deep in vice; 50
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praiſe he pants to gain.
Thus ſtill imperious NATURE plies her part;
And ſtill her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er deſtroy.
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe virtues which they fed before. 60
And ſure, the deadlieſt foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worſt of evils, is *perverted ſhame*.
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled ſlaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſt, 65
We ſeek our virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate, 70
Tir'd in the treach'rous chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for Shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The dæmon *Shame* paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "*The world will call you Fool.*"

Behold

Behold yon wretch, by impious fashion driv'n, 75
Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the paths *Spinosa* trode;
To man a *coward*, and a *brave* to God. 80
Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself, now quit their hold,
When to false Fame the captiv'd heart is sold:
Hence, blind to Truth, relentless *Cato* died;
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia*'s innocence betray'd 85
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise;
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain; 105
Desponding fops resign the *clouded cane*:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 80. *To man a coward*, &c.

" Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
" Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son ame il croit?
" Il iroit embrasser la verite, qu'il voit;
" Mais de ses faux amis il craint la raillerie,
" Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par poltronnerie."

BOILEAU, Ep. 2.

Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew: 110
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles;
And Force strong-sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of vice impetuous drives along, 115
Too deep for policy, for pow'r too strong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast,
She plays a *ruling passion* on the rest:
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *brave* that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain. 130
But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is spleen; all just reproof, ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whisp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the dæmon starts up from the toad. 140
O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 110. *From pois'nous Vice*, &c.] Alluding to these lines of Mr. Pope;

In the nice Bee, what art so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs, extracts a healing dew?

In

In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of virtue wakes her ſcorn of vice:
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis cruelty to ſave; 145
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind. 150
Scarce more the friend of man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as that to bleſs, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful miniſters of heav'n.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent: 155
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are paid, who merit ſatire moſt;
Folly the *Laureat*'s, vice was *Chartres*' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to ſhame? 160
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful ſurgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial Satire knows, 165
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs:
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: but conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold be ever juſt: 170
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write, 175
As ſeplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart. 180

O loſt to Honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of Fame!
Fell raviſher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return, 185
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart. 190
With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And, ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt, 195
Becauſe blind *Ridicule* conceives a jeſt:
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo, *Shaftſb'ry* rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the ſlave with honours not her own: 200
Big ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Profaneneſs ſpawns, pert dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the *idiot guide* for once is *true*;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule, 205
Who *therefore* ſmil'd, *becauſe* they ſaw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We *therefore* ſee a *fool*, *becauſe* we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek; 210
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand 215
Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
YOU, mighty WARBURTON, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man: 220

No

No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And coxcombs vanquiſh BERKLEY by a grin.
But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On Truth, on Falſehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230
Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide, 235
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to ſhore.
Tho' diſtant times may riſe in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis hers to draw the *preſent age*: 240
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning manners by the paſt:
Bid *Britain*'s heroes (awful ſhades!) ariſe,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous actions fair, 245
Till the ſons bluſh at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When *low-born* ſharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye; 250
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſt;
Or public ſpirit was the public jeſt.
Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold, 255
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a ſcold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene. 260

Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip —, her Grace a —:
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in *Irony*'s tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half conceal'd the more ſurpriſe, 265
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Buſa* chaſte.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd artill'ry on a fly? 270
Deride not Vice: abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown, 275
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what meaſures to each theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies. 280
Thus, when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious peer,
That mounts the box, and ſhines a charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight-toil 285
Of camps and ſenates diſciplin'd by *Hoyle*:
Patriots and chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive king—of *Spades*!
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gaily graceful ſport along the line; 290
Bid courtly faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each affectation into ſenſe.
Not ſo when Virtue, by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muſe's aid:
When *crimes*, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay, 295
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head: 300

When

When private Faith and public Truſt are ſold,
And traitors barter Liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking ſtate:
When giant Vice and Irreligion riſe, 305
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing ſhe gains *Parnaſſus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC ſoars a nobler flight: 310
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
Yet SATIRE oft aſſumes a gentler mien, 315
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene:
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when *Virtue*, *Learning*, *Arts* decline,
She joys to ſee *unconquer'd* Merit ſhine; 320
Where burſting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees YORKE to fame, ere yet to manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry virtue, but his own: 326
Hears unſtain'd CAM with gen'rous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend: 330
To HAGLEY's honour'd ſhade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r, to form a wreath for YOU.
But tread with cautious ſtep this dang'rous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call; 335
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native luſtre* that muſt *ſhine;*
The Poet can but *ſet it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *ſordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?* 340

Let

Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.
Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's law confin'd: 345
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man. 350
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the art, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolsey* or a *Cromwell* rise;
Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here sweet or strong may ev'ry colour flow:
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life. 360

PART III.

THRO' ages thus has SATIRE keenly shin'd,
The friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better age, 365
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart *. 370
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS † drew;

NOTES.

* Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. HOR.

† Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa. JUV. Sat. i.

With

With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then ſportive HORACE * caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre: 376
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe: 380
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.
In graver ſtrains majeſtic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, condemn'd a Tyrant's reign, 385
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom; 390
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.
But lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln *Luxury!*--pale *Ruin* ſtalks behind!
As countleſs inſects from the north-eaſt pour, 395
To blaſt the ſpring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the poppy ſprung. 400
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.
At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray, 405
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.

NOTES.

* Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo. PERS. Sat. i.

Now,

Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great Eraſmus breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell! 410
(In vain the ſolemn cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace),
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.
'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe, 415
His wit harmonious, tho' his rhyme was proſe:
He 'midſt an age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and *Roman* ſtrength of thought.
Yet ſcarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her country's ſhame),
Ere *Britain* ſaw the foul revolt commence, 421
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line 425
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry morals the court-poet bluſh'd to ſing:
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay, "*the oddeſt thing*," 430
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.
Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low-creeping in the putrid ſink of vice: 436
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of pow'r, the proſtitute to gain:
Wreaths, that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To ſtrumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown: 440
Unrivall'd parts, the ſcorn of honeſt Fame;
And Genius riſe, a monument of Shame!
More happy *France!* immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a ſage's care:

Hin

Him with her love propitious SATIRE bleſt, 445
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and Senſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs Judgment guides the pureſt fire.
  But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd iſle: 450
Behold for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry poet's pow'r in *one*:
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page;
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight, 45
As ſpectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity: 460
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the poet's mind!
Who yonder ſtar's effulgence can diſplay, 465
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unleſs the God inſpire?
What catch the lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her bard majeſtic Wiſdom came; 475
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom Fear can ſway, or guilty Greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale: 480
Sublimer views *thy* daring ſpirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;

A nobler

A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart; 485
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys: 490
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day;
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintry passion's gloom, 495
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n;
Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from Heav'n.
Hail, bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine; 500
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse?
That FRIENDSHIP sure may plead the *great* excuse:
That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy song, 505
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.
Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays! 510
Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON! inspir'd by YOU,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By you inspir'd, on trembling pinions soar, 515
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's glory* fire her page;
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end; 520
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.

But

But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline 525
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoking cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed bards may ſee,
That Guilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

AN
ESSAY
ON
MAN:

IN

FOUR EPISTLES.

TO

HENRY St. JOHN, Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Written in the Year M. DCC. XXXII.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the Author of the Essay on Man.

WHEN Love's * great goddess, anxious for her son,
Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,
A huntress in the wood she feign'd to stray,
To chear his drooping mind, and point his way.
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide; 5
He knew, and worship'd his *celestial guide*.
Thus vainly, Pope, unseen you would dispense
Your glorious system of benevolence;
And heav'nly taught, explain the angel's song,
That praise to God, and peace to men belong. 10
Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
From whence such truths could spring, such lines could flow.
Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
You only can *deserve*, or could *refuse*. C.

To the concealed Author of the Essay on Man.

YES, friend! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd! but how?
Ever the brightest, more refulgent now,
By thy own lustre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verse, each syllable, is thine.
But such philosophy, such reason strong, 5
Has never yet adorn'd thy loftiest song.
Dost thou, satiric, Vice and Folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of Vice? 10

* Æneid I.

Doſt thou thy *wit*, at once, and *courage* ſhow,
Strike hard, and bravely *vindicate* the blow?
Doſt thou delineate God, or trace out man,
The vaſt immenſity, or mortal ſpan?
Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name, 15
The poem loudly muſt the pen proclaim.
I ſee my friend! O ſacred poet, hail!
The brightneſs of thy face defeats the veil.
Write thou, and let the world the writing view;
The world will know, and will pronounce it you. 20
Dark in thy grove, or in thy cloſet ſit,
We ſee thy wiſdom, harmony, and wit;
Forth breaks the blaze, aſtoniſhing our ſight,
Enſhrin'd in clouds, we ſee, we ſee thee write.
So the ſweet warbler of the ſpring, alone 25
Sings darkling, but unſeen her note is known;
And ſo the lark, inhabiting the ſkies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

To the Author of the Essay on Man.

As when ſome ſtudent firſt with curious eye,
Thro' Nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reaſon ſeeming faults ſurpriſe,
He aſks if this be juſt, if that be wiſe?
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue in diſtreſs, 5
And vice unpuniſh'd, with ſtrange thoughts oppreſs;
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind he opens, fair is all he ſees;
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, Virtue's ragged plight,
And Vice's triumph, all are juſt and right: 10
Beauty is found, and order, and deſign,
And the whole ſcheme acknowledg'd all divine.
So when at firſt I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to purſue, 15
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.

This

This falſe, that ill-expreſs'd, this thought not good;
And all was wrong which I miſunderſtood.
But reading more attentive, ſoon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine ſound; 20
Saw man, a part of that ſtupendous whole,
"Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;"
Saw in the ſcale of things his middle ſtate,
And all his pow'rs adapted juſt to that;
Saw Reaſon, Paſſion, Weakneſs how of uſe; 25
How all to good, to happineſs conduce;
Saw my own weakneſs, thy ſuperior pow'r,
And ſtill the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

To Mr. POPE.

By a LADY.

FATHER of verſe! indulge an artleſs Muſe,
Juſt to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuſe.
Rais'd by the ſoul that breathes in ev'ry line,
(My Phœbus thou, thy awful works my ſhrine!)
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own, 5
And hail thee, ſeated on thy natal throne.
Stung by thy fame, though aided by thy light,
See bards, till now unknown, eſſay to write:
Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd ſwarms ariſe,
As inſects live beneath autumnal ſkies: 10
While Envy pines with unappeas'd deſire,
And each mean breaſt betrays th' invidious fire.
Yet thou, great leader of the ſacred train,
(Whoſe Parthian ſhaft ne'er took its flight in vain),
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age, 15
Let wholeſome Satire looſe thro' ev'ry page,
Born for the taſk, whom no mean views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and ſcourge but to reclaim.
Yet not on Satire all your hours beſtow;
Oft from your lyre let gentler numbers flow; 20
Such ſtrains as breath'd thro' Windſor's lov'd retreats,
"And call'd the Muſes to their ancient ſeats."

Thy

Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mould to future fame the growing mind;
To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart, 25
And while you touch the sense, correct the heart:
Yet though o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still, and scribblers write.
Thus the imperial source of genial heat
Gilds the aspiring dome, and mean retreat; 30
Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile ore to gold;
Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

An ODE to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

In allusion to HORACE.

Pindarim quisquis, &c.

FOR me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,
Where only POPE's strong pinion can aspire?
Horace, great source of true poetic light,
Would melt my waxen wings before his fire.

As Thames' clear stream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
At first the humbler treasure of the plain, 6
Till with each spring the swelling current grows,
And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main:

So soft descending from the Muses' hill,
POPE's spreading genius passes ev'ry bound, 10
Big with experience, knowledge, taste, and skill,
And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.

Fresh wreaths on ev'ry side await his head,
Whether in Fancy's * wilds he youthful stray,
In Humour's † frolic round new measures tread, 15
Or boldly follow Pindar's ‡ pathless way.

* Pastorals, and Windsor Forest. † Rape of the Lock.
‡ Odes.

Religious

Religious he maintains the Muse's trust;
Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire;
To his progressive genius strictly just,
Its use dilating as its pow'rs aspire. 20

Whether from antique rust with pious toil
He polish Britain's ancient * poets' praise;
Or planting careful in his better soil,
Preserve more green the Greek and Roman bays †.

Whether the nobler monument ‡ he frame 25
To those whom virtues, arts, or arms adorn;
Or snatch from Envy ||, or the grave, their fame,
Whom Pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn;

Till (as of old, some heav'n-instructed bard)
To man § he pleads in Truth and Wisdom's cause;
Chastises Vice, deals Virtue her reward, 31
Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.

High on the swelling gale of constant praise,
We see this *Swan* of Thames sublimely rise,
Ev'n Envy's ** breath but serves his flight to raise, 35
And lift his spotless plumage to the skies.

While on the humble banks, far, far below,
Unmark'd, my tuneless reed I painful try;
Like the small bee, with toil collecting slow
The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply. 40

To move our absent PRINCE ††, (the realm's desire),
Then let his skill compose th' attractive song;
Or you, my LORD, may boldly strike the lyre,
You, to whose call the willing Muses throng.

Persuasion decks your words with ev'ry art, 45
To lead the social band in sportive wit;
To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,
While senates held in rapt'rous silence sit.

* Chaucer and Donne. † Homer, Horace, Ovid. ‡ Epitaphs.
|| Epistles. § Essay on Man. ** The Dunciad.
†† This Ode was written when his Majesty was expected from Hanover, in the year 1736—7.

Or

Or (though each bard in rev'rence mute ſhould wait),
A joyful people his return ſhall greet, 50
The buſy hall ſhall ceaſe from loud debate,
Contending parties bow at GEORGE's feet.

Applauding ſenates ſhall record his fame,
And hail the arbiter of Europe home;
Him haughty Gallia's dread they ſhall proclaim; 55
From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.

Fate never gave a king ſo great before;
A king ſo good no nation ſhall behold;
For him the grateful realm ſhall Heav'n adore,
For him, whoſe reign revives the age of gold. 60

To peaceful congreſs when his arts have led
Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,
The ſacred olive wreath ſhall grace his head,
That wreath, ſo often purchas'd by his care.

My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praiſe, 65
When well-plac'd Eloquence exhauſts the theme;
When mitred lords their hands to heav'n ſhall raiſe,
And give God thanks with piety extreme.

With loyal luxury to crowd the board,
Artiſts ſhall vie, th' eternal feaſt ſucceed; 70
Woods, lakes, and ſeas, their plenty ſhall afford,
And ſlaughter'd hecatombs profuſely bleed.

But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate
Bleſſes with health and peace my homely fare,
Where my calm wiſhes frame no ſchemes of ſtate, 75
But ſtill for BRITAIN's welfare form the pray'r.

To the AUTHOR of the ESSAY on MAN.

By Mr. SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever work to ſuch perfection wrought!
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not ſparingly adorn'd with ſcatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze;

So

So breaks the day upon the ſhades of night, 5
Enliv'ning all with one unbounded light.
To humble man's proud heart thy great deſign;
But who can read this wond'rous work divine,
So juſtly plann'd, and ſo politely writ,
And not be proud, and boaſt of human wit? 10
Yet juſt to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mixt with coarſe allay,
Our happineſs to love, adore, obey;
To praiſe him for each gracious boon beſtow'd, 15
For this thy work, for ev'ry leſſer good,
With proſtrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.
The Muſe, which ſhould inſtruct, now entertains,
On trifling ſubjects in enervate ſtrains; 20
Be it thy taſk to ſet the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aërial flight,
Her noble mien, her honours loſt reſtore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly ſoar.
Thy theme ſublime, and eaſy verſe, will prove 25
Her high deſcent, and miſſion from above.
Let others now tranſlate, thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
In Virtue's cauſe ſhall glorioufly prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail. 30
Made wiſe by thee, whoſe happy ſtyle conveys
The pureſt morals in the ſofteſt lays,
As angels once, ſo now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming Muſe ſhall lead the way, 35
To the bright regions of eternal day.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on human life and manners, ſuch as (to uſe my Lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to mens buſineſs and boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the abſtract, his *nature* and his *ſtate*; ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of human nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt; and, I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpen'd the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate*, yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort*, yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards. The other may ſeem odd, but is true: I found I could ex-

preſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of argument or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning. If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general map of* MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection;* but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently theſe Epiſtles, in their progreſs, (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs), will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

AN

AN
ESSAY ON MAN.

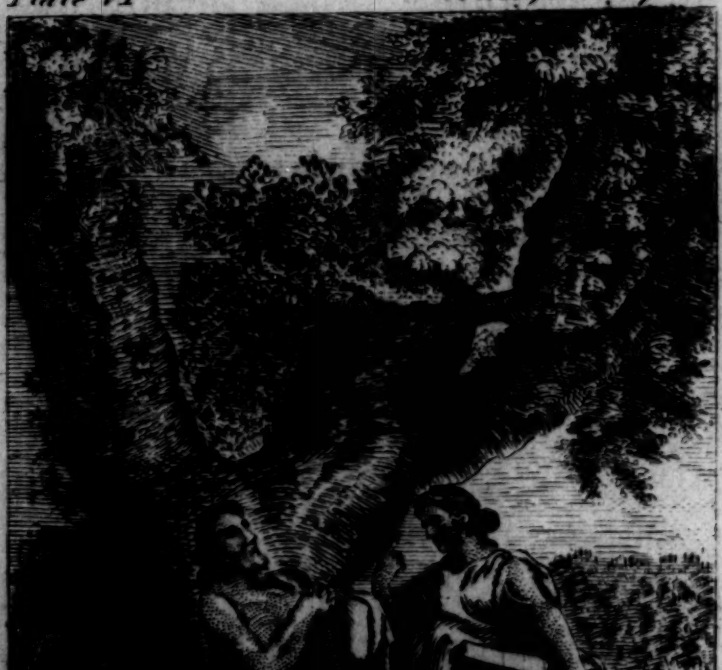
ARGUMENT of EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the UNIVERSE.

Of Man *in the abstract.*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own system, *being ignorant of the* relations *of systems and things*, ver. 17, &c. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a being suited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general order *of things, and conformable to* ends *and* relations *to him unknown*, ver. 35, &c. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *state, that all his happiness in the present depends*, ver. 77. &c. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The* impiety *of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations*, ver. 113, &c. V. *The* absurdity *of conceiting himself the* final cause *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. *The* unreasonableness *of his complaints against* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the* sensitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miserable*, ver. 173, &c. VII. *That throughout the whole visible world, an universal* order *and* gradation *in the sensual and mental faculties is observed,*

which causes a subordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; *that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties*, ver. 207. VIII. *How much farther this* order *and* subordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed*, ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madness, *and* pride *of such a desire*, ver. 259. X. *The consequence of all, the* absolute submission, *due to Providence, both as to our* present *and* future *state*, ver. 281, &c. *to the end.*

EPISTLE



J. Pilinn. R.

HOPE humbly then with trembling Pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher Death and God adore.

Essay on Man Ep. 1.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free, o'er all this ſcene of Man; 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can; 15
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer? 20
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who through vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs, 25
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies, 30
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

NOTES.

Ver. 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd*, &c.] "Hunc cognoſcimus "ſalummodo per proprietates ſuas et attributa, et per ſapientiſſi- "mas et optimas rerum ſtructuras et cauſas finales." *Newtoni princ. ſchol. gen. ſub fin.*

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind? 36
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade? 40
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be, 45
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce; 55
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60
When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
His actions', passions', being's use and end;

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 64.
Now wears a garland, an Egyptian god.

Why

Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought: 70
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
The bless'd to-day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 68. the following lines in the first edition.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matters soon or late, or here or there?
The bless'd to-day is as completely so,
As who began ten thousand years ago.

After ver. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed,
That Virgil's gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.

Ver. 93. in the first folio and quarto,

What bliss *above*, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bliss *below*.

NOTES.

Ver. 87. *Who sees with equal eye*, &c.] Matth. x. 29.

Hope

Hoe springs eternal in the human breast; 95
Mau never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul uneasy, and confin'd, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; 110
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the first edition,

But does he say the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd:
Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

NOTES.

Ver. 123. *In Pride*, &c.] Arnobius has passed the same censure on these very follies, which he supposes to arise from the

Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes, 125
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
"For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
"Seas roll to wast me, suns to light me rise;
"My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No," 'tis reply'd, "the first Almighty Cause 145
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
"Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
"And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less? 150
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires;

NOTES.

cause here assigned.—"Nihil est quod nos fallat, nihil quod nobis "polliceatur spes cassas, (id quod nobis a quibusam dicitur viris "immoderata sui opinione sublatis), animas immortales esse, Deo, "rerum ac principi, gradu proximas dignitatis, genitore illo ac "patre prolatas, divinas, sapientes, doctas, neque ulla corporis "attrectione contiguas." *Adversus Gentes.*

Ver. 150. *Then Nature deviates*, &c.] "While comets move "in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions, blind Fate "could never make all the planets move one and the same way "in orbs concentric; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, "which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and "planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase, "till this system wants a reformation." *Sir Isaac Newton's optics, quest. ult.*

As

As much eternal springs, and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline? 156
Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? 160
From Pride, from Pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life. 170
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more:
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; 180
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

NOTES.

Ver. 169. *But all subsists*, &c.] See this subject extended in Epist. ii. from ver. 90, to 112, 155, &c.

Ver. 182. *Here with degrees of swiftness*, &c.] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, That in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.

Each

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own, 185
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?
The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
Say what the use, where finer optics giv'n, 195
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

NOTES.

Ver. 213. *the headlong lioness*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

In

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew? 220
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier?
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd; 225
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all those pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee, 240
From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 238. edition first.
Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, Man.

Heav'n's

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
And Nature trembles to the throne of God!
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd,
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains, 265
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame; 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere, 285
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God, when she pretends,
Begins a censor, an adorer ends.

NOTES.

Ver. 265. *Just as absurd*, &c.] See the prosecution and application of this in Epist. iv.

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see; 290
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to himself, *as an individual.*

I. *The business of Man not to pry into* God, *but to study* himself. *His* middle nature; *his powers and frailties*, ver. 1—19. *The limits of his* capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. *The two principles of Man*, Self-love *and* Reason, *both necessary*, ver. 53, &c. Self-love *the stronger, and why*, ver. 67, &c. *Their end the same*, ver. 81, &c. III. *The* Passions, *and their use*, ver. 93,—130. *The* predominant Passion, *and its force*, ver. 132,—160. *Its necessity in directing men to different purposes*, ver. 161, &c. *Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue*, ver. 175. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed nature; *the limits* near, *yet the things* separate *and* evident. *What is the office of* Reason, ver. 202—216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it*, ver. 217. VI. *That, however, the* ends *of* Providence *and* general good *are answered in our passions and imperfections*, ver. 231, &c. *How usefully these are distributed to all* orders of men, ver. 241. *How useful they are to* society, ver. 249. *and to* individuals, ver. 263. *in every* state, *and every* age *of life*, ver. 271, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the ſceptic ſide, 5
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a god, or beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd;
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. edit. firſt.
The only ſcience of Mankind is Man.
After ver. 18. in the MS.
For more perfection than this ſtate can bear
In vain we ſigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wiſely ſure a modeſt ape might aim
To be like man, whoſe faculties and frame
He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An angel, thing we neither know nor ſee.
Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo—why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So pug might plead, and call his gods unkind
Till ſet on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reas'ning thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, &c.

Go,

Self Love still stronger as its Objects nigh
Reasons at distance and in Prospect lie
That sees immediate Good by present sense
Reason the future, and the Consequence.

Essay on Man Ep. II.

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar, with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod, 25
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end;
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is vanity, or dress, 45
Or Learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 21. edit. 4th, and 5th.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,
Correct old Time, and teach the sun his way.

Ver. 35. edit. first.

Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
Each works its end, to move, or govern all;
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
Man, but for that, no action could attend;
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void, 65
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason and Self-love restrains. 80
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide, than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted fools,
Of good and evil Reason puzzled schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught———

Self-

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale:
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the MS.
A tedious voyage! where how useless lies
The compass, if no pow'rful gusts arise?
After ver. 112. in the MS.
The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

These

These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses, diff'rent objects strike.
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame; 130
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse; 145
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bless'd beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, though no lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey. 150
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made;

Proud

Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong;
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe.
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 170
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill, 175
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on shame.

IV. Thus

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with passion, Virtue points her charms!
Then shines the hero, then the patriot warms.

IV. Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd: 196
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The god within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205
In Man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice,
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

VARIATIONS.

Peleus' great son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none?
But virtues opposite to make agree,
That, Reason! is thy task, and worthy thee.
Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marquis, or a pique.
Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
A debt to Reason, like a debt at play
For right or wrong, have mortals suffer'd more?
B— for his prince, or ** for his whore?
Whose self-denials Nature most controul?
His, who would save a sixpence, or his soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his sin,
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
What we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

NOTES.

Ver. 204. *The god within the mind.*] A platonic phrase for conscience.

V. Vice

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
But where th' extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

VI. Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise. 235
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view, is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice; 240
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crouds belief;
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 220. in the first edition, followed these;
A cheat! a whore! who starts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court, or Drury-lane?
After ver. 226. in the MS.
The col'nel swears the agent is a dog,
The scriv'ner vows th' attorney is a rogue.
Against the thief th' attorney loud inveighs,
For whose ten pound the county twenty pays.
The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state;
And dying, mourns small villains hang'd by great.

And

And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse. 270
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And Pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, 275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age: 280
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
And each vacuity of Sense by Pride:

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain; 290
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though Man's a fool, yet GOD is WISE.

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

I. *The whole Universe one system of* society, ver. 7, &c. *Nothing made wholly for* itself, *nor yet wholly for* another, ver. 27. *The happiness of* animals *mutual*, ver. 49. II. Reason *or* Instinct *operate alike to the good of each individual*, ver. 79. Reason *or* Instinct *operate also to society, in all animals*, ver. 109. III. *How far* society *carried by instinct*, ver. 115. *how much farther by Reason*, ver. 131. IV. *Of that which is called the* State of Nature, ver. 147. *Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of* Arts, ver. 169. *and in the forms of* society, ver. 179. V. *Origin of political societies*, ver. 199. *Origin of monarchy*, ver. 209. *Patriarchal government*, ver. 215. VI. *Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of Love*, ver. 225, &c. *Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear*, ver. 241, &c. *The influence of Self-love operating to the* social *and* public *good*, ver. 269. *Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle*, ver. 283. *Mixed government*, ver. 289. *Various forms of each, and the true end of all*, ver. 303, &c.

EPISTLE

The proper Study of Mankind is MAN.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day; 5
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend, 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain, 15
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die),
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return. 20
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone; 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn: 30
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. in ſeveral editions in 4to.
Learn, Dulneſs, learn! "The univerſal Cauſe, &c."

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all thiugs for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose. 46
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole: 50
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride: 60
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 46. in the former editions,

What care, to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *See all things for my use!*] On the contrary, the wise man hath said, *The Lord hath made all things for himself*, Prov. xvi. 4.

That

That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view,
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with Reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; 80
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best, 85
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest;
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit; 90
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways,
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays:
Too weak to chuse, yet chusing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

NOTES.

Ver. 68. *Than favour'd man*, &c.] Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heav'n.

This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs, 95
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood,
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food? 100
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre *, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man. 114

III. Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself; but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race. 130

* An eminent mathematician.

A longer

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd, 145
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
Pride then was not; nor arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God;
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part; 170

Thus

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
" Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175
" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all sorts of social union find,
" And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind: 180
" Here subterranean works and cities see;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each small people's genius, policies,
" The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
" How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
" And anarchy without confusion know;
" And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
" Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
" Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190
" In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
" Intangle Justice in her net of law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
" Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
" And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

NOTES.

Ver. 177. *Learn of the little nautilus*] Oppian. Halicut. lib. r. describes this fish in the following manner: " They swim on the " surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly " resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts; " and extend a membrane between, which serve as a sail; the " other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usu- " ally seen in the Mediterranean."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first editions,

Who for those arts they learn'd of brutes before,
As kings shall crown them, or as gods adore.

V. Great

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made: 200
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend? 204
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was liberty, and Nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of King unknown,
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY, (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sat,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state; 216
On him, their second providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd 225
One great first Father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 201. *Here rose one little state*, &c.] in the MS. thus,
The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common spot;
And love was Nature's dictate, murder, not,
For want alone each animal contends;
Tygers with tygers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
No treasure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for sunshine, or for shade?
And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

The

The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one: 230
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then; 235
For Nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A Sov'reign Being, but a Sov'reign Good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law; 245
'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground, 250
She, taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes; 255
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on Spite, and heav'n on Pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food: 265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood!
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So

So drives Self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into Virtue thus, by Self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore 285
The faith and moral, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests, of themselves, create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295
From order, union, full consent of things;
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest; 300
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:

For

NOTES.

Ver. 303. *For forms of government, &c.—Whate'er is best, &c.*] In 1740, Mr. Pope wrote the following words on the margin of a book, where he found these two lines misapplied, " The author of " these lines was far from meaning, that no one form of govern-

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; 305
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. 310
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul; 315
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

NOTES.

"ment is, in itself, better than another, (as, that mixed or li-
"mited monarchy, for example, is not preferable to absolute);
"but that no form of government, however excellent or prefer-
"able in itself, can be sufficient to make a people happy, unless
"it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the best
"sort of government, when the *form* of it is preserved, and the
"*administration* corrupt, is most dangerous."—See letter iv. to Dr. Atterbury, vol. iv.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

I. *False notions of Happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from* ver. 19, *to* 77. II. *It is the end of all men, and attainable by all,* ver. 30. *God intends Happiness to be* equal; *and to be so, it must be* social, *since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by* general, *not* particular laws, ver. 35. *As it is necessary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* society, *that* external goods *should be* unequal, *Happiness is not made to consist in these,* ver. 49. *But, notwithstanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two passions of* Hope *and* Fear, ver. 67. III. *What the Happiness of* Individuals *is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the* good man *has here the advantage,* ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, ver. 93. IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars,* ver. 123. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest,* ver. 131, &c. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue,* ver. 167. *That even these can make no man happy without Virtue: Instanced in* Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 259, &c. *With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all,* ver. 269, &c. VII. *That* Virtue only *constitutes a happiness whose object is* universal, *and whose prospect* eternal, ver. 309, &c. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happiness *consists in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Resignation *to it here and hereafter,* ver. 327. &c.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine? 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
I. Ask of the learn'd the way! The learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind: 20
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is Happiness?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Oh happiness!*] in the MS.
Oh Happiness! to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour and we die.

II. Take

II. Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave:
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.
Remember, Man, "the universal Cause 35
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind. 40
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase; 55
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60
Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
"And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves"
You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men Happiness was meant, 65
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear: 70
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone; 81
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains: 90
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
The rest mad Fortune gives, or takes away.
All other bliss by accident's debarr'd;
But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward;
In hardest trials operates the best,
And more is relish'd as the more distrest.

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let sober moralists correct their speech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

Oh

Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it Virtue, more though Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the son expire, 105
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good Bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
Think we, like some weak prince, th' eternal Cause,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
IV. Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impress, 125
Oh blameless BETHEL! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but Man.

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130
V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true, 145
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of Virtue bread? 150
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155
Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good man
"pow'r?
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing;
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142. in some editions,

Give each a system, all must be at strife;
What diff'rent systems for a man and wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore struck out of the text.

Nay,

Nay, why external for internal giv'n? 161
Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand; 165
Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?
VI. What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six, 170
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes, 175
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires for a godlike mind. 180
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust, 185
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind, 190
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 195
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 172. in the MS.
Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts?

The

The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. 200
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella. 204

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great. 210
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble, blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? 215
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness? say where Greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise; 225
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their slow unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. *Boast the pure blood*, &c.] in the MS. thus,

The richest blood, right honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
Without one dash of usher or of priest;
Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
As Christ-church once all colleges beside.

But

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain Great: 230
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends:
To all beside, as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine, 245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave; 250
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 265
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount: 270
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray! 290
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
But stain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 300
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

VII. Know-

VII. Know then this truth, (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below." 310
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
And, if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears: 320
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340
For him alone, HOPE leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raise his base on that one solid joy,
Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

Till

Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find):
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss; 350
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of CHARITY. 360
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds, 365
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 370
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 373. *Come then, my friend!* &c.] in the MS. thus:

And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
While heav'nward now her mounting wing she feels,
Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels.
Wilt thou, my ST. JOHN! keep her course in sight,
Confine her fury, and assist her flight?

And

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For Wit's false mirror, held up Nature's light?
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT?
That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim? 395
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same?
That VIRTUE only makes our bliss below?
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 397. *That Virtue only*, &c.] in the MS. thus:
That just to find a God is all we can,
And all the study of Mankind is Man.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER*.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And, binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

* Mr. Warburton gives the following account of Mr. Pope's deſign in this prayer, *viz.*

"It may be proper to obſerve, that ſome paſſages in the preceding *Eſſay*, having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency towards *Fate* and *Naturaliſm*, the author compoſed this Prayer as the ſum of all, to ſhew that his ſyſtem was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety: that the firſt Cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor of the univerſe as the Creator of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the *Eſſay*) was not meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along by a blind determination; but the reſting in a religious acquieſcence, and confidence full of *hope* and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet choſe for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which, of all others, beſt deſerves the title prefixed to his paraphraſe."

What

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey. 20

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand 25
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the lan d
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay; 30
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd, 35
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me. 40

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Oh lead me wereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot: 45
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies! 50
One chorus let all being raiſe!
All Nature's incenſe riſe!

[As some passages in the *Essay on Man* have been suspected of favouring the schemes of *Leibnitz* and *Spinoza*, or, as Mr. Warburton says, in his note on the *Universal Prayer*, *p.* 230, of a tendency towards *Fate* and *Naturalism*; it is thought proper here to insert the two following Letters, to show how ill-grounded such a suspicion is.—These letters are not in any London edition.]

Mr. POPE *to the younger* RACINE, *a celebrated French writer, occasioned by his animadversions on his* Essay on Man, *in a poem called* Religion.

SIR, *London, Sept.* 1, 1742.

THE expectation in which I have been for some time past, of receiving the present you have honoured me with, was the occasion of my delaying so long to answer your letter. I am at length favoured with your poem upon *Religion*; and should have received from the perusal of it, a pleasure unmixed with pain, had I not the mortification to find, that you impute several principles to me *, which I abhor and detest. My uneasiness met some alleviation from a passage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a want of knowledge of the English language, to give your own judgment on the *Essay on Man* †.

You

* The following lines, *cant.* 2. *l.* 92—97. are probably alluded to.

" Sans doute qu'a ces mots, des bords de la Tamise
" Quelque abstrait raisonneur, qui ne se plaint de rien,
" Dans son flegme Anglican repondra, *Tout est bien.*
" *Le grand Ordonnateur dont le dessein si sage,*
" *De tant d'etres divers ne forme qu'un ouvrage,*
" *Nous place a notre rang pour orner son tableau.*"

† M. Racine, in an advertisement prefixed to his answer to M. Rousseau's letter against the Freethinkers, speaks thus: " N'ayant " pas le bonheur de pouvoir lire dans l'original les ouvrages de " M. Pope, le plus celebre poete que l'Angleterre ait aujourd'hui, " je ne pretens pas attaquer ici ses veritables sentimens, dont je " ne puis etre certain. Je ne pretens attaquer que ceux qui sont " devenus si communs parmi nous depuis la lecture de son *Essai*

You add, that you do not controvert my tenets, but the evil consequences deducible from them, and the maxims which some persons of notable sagacity have imagined that they have discovered in my poem. This declaration is a shining proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your unacquaintance with the original has not proved more fatal to me, than the imperfect conceptions of my translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real sentiments. The many additional embellishments, which my piece has received from the version of M. D. R—, have not done an honour to the *Essay on Man*, equal to the prejudice it has suffered from his frequent misapprehension of the principles it inculcates. These mistakes, you will perceive, are totally refuted in the English piece, which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic commentary, written by the learned author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*. I flatter myself, that the Chevalier Ramsay will, from his zeal for truth, take the trouble to explain the contents of it. I shall then persuade myself, that your suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no appeal from your candour and justice.

In the mean time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially, in regard to some particulars about which you have desired an answer.

I must avow then openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal, and the Archbishop of Cambray; and I shall always esteem it an honour to me, to imitate the moderation with which the latter submitted his private opinions to the decisions of the church of which he professed himself a member. I have the honour to be, *&c.*

A. POPE.

" *sur l'Homme*, dont les principes n'etant pas assez developes " pour nous, sont cause que plusieurs personnes croyent y trouver " un systeme, qui n'est peut-etre pas celui de l'auteur."

M. RACINE'*s answer to Mr.* POPE.

SIR, *Paris, Oct.* 25, 1742.

THE mildness and humility with which you justify yourself, is a convincing proof of your religion; the more so, as you have done it to one, on whom it is incumbent to make his own apology for his rash attack upon your character. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach. But though you acquit me with so much politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

Certain it is, a precipitance of zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard positions, said to be yours, or at least consequences resulting from your Essay, cited against certain truths, which I now find you respect as much as myself, I thought I had a right to enter the lists with you. The passage in my preface was extorted from me by a degree of remorse, which I felt in writing against you. This remorse, Sir, was awakened in me by the consideration, that the greatest men are always the most susceptible of the truths of revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr. Pope should oppose a religion, whose enemies have ever been contemptible; and it appeared strange, that in a work which points out the road to happiness, you should furnish arms to those who are industrious to misguide us in the research.

Your letter, at the same time that it does honour to your character, must bring a blush in my face, for having entertained unjust suspicions. But, notwithstanding this, I think myself obliged to make it public. The injury which I have done you was so, the reparation should be the same. I owe this to you, I owe it to myself, I owe it to justice.

Whatever may be said in your favour in the commentary you have sent me, it is now rendered unnecessary by your own declaration. The respect which you

you avow for the religion you profeſs, is a ſufficient vindication of your doctrine. I will add, that, for the future, thoſe among us who ſhall feel the laudable ambition of making their poetry ſubſervient to religion, ought to take you for their model; and it ſhould ever be remembered, that the greateſt poet in England is one of the humbleſt ſons of the church.

I am, *&c.*

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures :
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto. HOR.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* MEN.

That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the abstract: Books *will not serve the purpose, nor yet your own* experience *singly*, ver. 1. *General maxims, unless they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional*, ver. 9. I. *Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself*, ver. 15. *Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties*, &c. ver. 31. *The shortness of life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the* principles of action *in men, to observe by*, ver. 37, &c. *Our* own *principle of action often hid from ourselves*, ver. 41. *Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent*, ver. 51. *The same man utterly different in different places and seasons*, ver. 71. *Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest*, ver. 77, &c. *Nothing constant and certain but* God *and* Nature, ver. 95. *No judging of the* motives *from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions*, ver. 99. II. *Yet to form* characters, *we can only take the* strongest actions *of a man's life, and try to make them* agree: *The utter uncertainty of this, from* Nature *itself, and from* Policy, ver. 119. Characters *given according to the* rank *of men of the world*, ver. 135. *And some reason for it*, ver. 141. Education *alters the* nature, *or at least* character, *of many*, ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, *or* Principles, *all subject to change. No judging by* Nature, *from* ver. 158, *to* 173. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his* RULING PASSION: *That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions*, ver. 174. *Instanced in the extraordinary character of* Wharton, ver. 178. *A caution against mistaking* second qualities *for* first, *which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind*, ver. 210. *Examples of the strength of the* Ruling Passion, *and its continuation to the last breath*, ver. 222, &c.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Lord Viſc. COBHAM.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave, 5
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Though many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' obſerver's ſake;
To written wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from notions, thoſe from gueſs.
I. There's ſome peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of mind as moſs *.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs: 20
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reaſon though you can, 25
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:
His principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his principle no more.

* There are above 300 ſorts of moſs obſerved by naturaliſts.

Like

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the Passions' wild rotation tost, 41
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought,)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light):
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, though his soul 55
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60

NOTES.

Ver. 56. *peeps not from its hole.*] which shews that this grave person was content with his present situation, as finding but small satisfaction in what a famous poet reckons one of the great advantages of old age.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light from chinks that time has made.

SCRIB.

When

When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his ſpleen.
  But theſe plain characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole; 65
Or affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The dull, flat falſehood ſerves for policy;
And in the cunning, Truth itſelf's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wiſe;
The fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies. 70
  See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'neſs, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chace, wiſe at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball; 75
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'ſon to a ſaint without. 80
  Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Piquette, 85
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.
  What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs regent tremble at a ſtar? 90

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former editions,

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a people, and now ſave a groat.

NOTES.

Ver. 81. *Patricio*] Lord *G—n*.

Ver. 89. *A perjur'd prince*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he ſwore by, he feared to break his oath.

The throne a bigot keep, and genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same; 95
In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.
II. In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why, 100
Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind: 110
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
He dreads a deathbed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.
But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscal them Policy?

NOTES.

Ver. 91. *The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death.

Must

Must then at once (the character to save) 125
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat. 130
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn: 135
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate, 141
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145
Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. 150
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;

Tom

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 129. in the former editions,

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
Cæsar himself would tell you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. As Cæsar too afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make him the single example.

NOTES.

Ver. 152. *The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;*] "The "only *glory* of a *tradesman*" (says Hobbes) "is to grow excessive-"ly rich by the *wisdom* of buying and selling." A pursuit very

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r: 155
A Quaker? sly: a Presbyterian? sour:
A smart Freethinker? all things in an hour.
Ask mens opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun, 160
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Freethinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd. 165
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range: 170
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
III. Search then the Ruling Passion: There, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere; 176
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.

Notes.

wide of all *vain-glory*; so that if he be given to *lying*, it is certainly on a more substantial motive, and will therefore rather deserve the name which this philosopher gives it, of *wisdom*.

Scrib.

Ver. 164, 165. *Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;—Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.*] Disasters the most unlook'd for, as they were what the Freethinker's *speculations* and *practice* were principally directed to avoid.——The poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion, that the sudden vision of a god was supposed to strike the irreverent observer speechless. He has only a little extended the conceit, and supposed that the terrors of a *court-god* might have the like effect on a very devoted worshipper.

Scrib.

Ver. 174. *Search then the ruling passion.*] See Essay on Man, Epist. ii. ver. 133. *et seq.*

This

This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest:
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke. 185
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire, 190
And now the punk applaud, and now the frier.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt: 195
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great. 205
Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;

NOTES.

Ver. 187. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles II.

In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice. 215
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand. 225
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out, 230
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd: 235
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul! 240
"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

NOTES.

Ver. 231. *Lanesb'row*] An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by *dancing*.

Ver. 242. *The frugal crone.*] A fact told him of a lady at Paris.

"Odious!

" Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);
" No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And—Betty—give this cheek a little red." 251

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir;
" If—where I'am going—I could serve you, Sir?"
" I give and I devise" (old Euclio said, 256
And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?—" My money, Sir, what all?
" Why—if I must—(then wept)—I give it Paul." 259
The manor, Sir?—" The manor! hold," he cry'd,
" Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and dy'd.

And you, brave COBHAM! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,
" Oh, save my country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

NOTES.

Ver. 247—*The last words that poor Narcissa spoke;*] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT of EPISTLE II.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

That the particular characters *of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves*, ver. 1, &c. *Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent: As*, I. *in the* affected, ver. 21, &c. II. *In the* soft-natured, ver. 29, *and* 37. III. *In the* cunning *and* artful, ver. 45. IV. *In the* whimsical, ver. 53. V. *In the* lewd *and* vicious ver 69. VI. *In the* witty *and* refined, ver. 87. VII. *In the* stupid *and* simple, ver. 101. *The former part having shewn, that the* particular characters *of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the* general *characteristic of the sex, as to the* ruling passion, *is more uniform*, ver. 207. *This is occasioned, partly by their* nature, *partly by their* education, *and in some degree by* necessity, ver. 211. *What are the* aims *and the* fate *of this sex:*—— I. *As to* power, ver. 219. II. *As to* pleasure, ver. 231. *Advice for their true interest*, ver. 249. *The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties*, ver. 269.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.*

To a LADY.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt women have no characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view, 5
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Paſtora by a fountain-ſide:
Here Fannia leering on her own good-man,
And there a naked Leda with a ſwan. 10
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſs'd in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it, 15
If Folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Chuſe a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20
Rufa, whoſe eye quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a ſpark,

NOTES.

* Firſt publiſhed in the year 1735.

Ver. 7, 8, 10, &c. *Arcadia's Counteſs—Paſtora by a fountain—Leda with a ſwan—Magdalen—Cecilia*—] Attitudes in which ſeveral ladies affected to be drawn, and ſometimes one lady in them all.——The poet's politeneſs and complaiſance to the ſex is obſervable in this inſtance, amongſt others, that, whereas in the *characters of men*, he has ſometimes made uſe of real names, in the *characters of women* always fictitious.

Ver. 20. *Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding to the precept of Freſnoy

Formæ veneres captando fugaces.

Agrees

Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task, 25
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning-mask:
So morning-insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink:
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose,
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!" 40
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,*] This thought is expressed with great humour in the following stanza:

Though Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.——See Vol. i. p. 192.

Has

Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r, 55
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns; 65
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in state, majestically drunk;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk; 70
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of hautgout, and the tip of taste, 80
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once, 85
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. *What has not fir'd*, &c.] in the MS.
In whose mad brain the mix'd ideas roll
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

Nor

Nor asks of God, but of her stars to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please; 95
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100
Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's mate;
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate:
Or her, that owns her faults but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends:
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share, 105
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r:
Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafic and tears, 110
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought,
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Full

Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
No passion gratify'd, except her rage.
So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse! 135
But an inferior not dependent? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of foll'wers! without one distress 145
Sick of herself through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor. 150

NOTES.

After ver. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
On any one she hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.

NOTES.

Ver. 150. *Or wanders, heav'n-directed*, &c.] Alluding and referring to the great principle of his philosophy, which he never loses sight of, and which teaches, that Providence is incessantly turning the evils arising from the follies and vices of men to general good.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal colours do the knack? 155
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought; 161
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair. 170
Forbid it, Heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one, 175
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180
One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen*:
THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will, 185
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists, who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of Nature it conceals: 190

Th'

Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone: 200
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice, 205
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife;
I cannot prove it on her for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

NOTES.

Ver. 198. *Mah'met*, servant to the late king, said to be the son of a Turkish Bashaw, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person.

Ibid. Dr. *Stephen Hale*, not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest.

Ver. 199. *But grant, in public*, &c.] In the former editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of connection might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *examples* and *illustrations* to the maxims laid down; and though some of these have since been found, *viz.* the characters of *Philomedé*, *Atossa*, *Chloe*, and some verses following, others are still wanting; nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted.

Ver. 206. *That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.*] For women are taught virtue so artificially, and vice so naturally, that, in the nice exercise of them, they may be easily mistaken for one another. SCRIBL.

In men, we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway. 210
That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take; 215
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means: 220
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat, 225
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230
Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce descend, 235
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night; 240
Still round and round the ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. in the first edition,
In sev'ral men we sev'ral passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind.

See

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design; 249
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing;
So when the sun's broad beams has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines, 255
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear; 260
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules:
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will; 265
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you. 280
Be this a woman's fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.

This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd in the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

ARGU.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Use of RICHES.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice *or* Profusion, ver. 1, &c. *The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious, or pernicious to mankind,* ver. 21, *to* 77. *That riches, either to the* avaricious *or the* prodigal, *cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries,* ver. 89, *to* 158. *That Avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose,* ver. 107, &c. 151. *Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men,* ver. 113, *to* 153. *That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the* ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, *which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions,* ver. 159, *to* 178. *How a* miser *acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable,* ver. 177. *How a* prodigal *does the same,* ver. 197. *The due medium, and true use of riches,* ver. 219. *The* Man of Ross, ver. 250. *The fate of the* Profuse *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miserable in life and in death,* ver. 299, &c. *The story of Sir* Balaam, ver. 339, *to the end.*

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III*.

TO

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

P. WHO ſhall decide, when doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n;
And gold but ſent to keep the fools in play, 5
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind),
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground: 10
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its fire, the ſun;

NOTES.

* First publiſhed in the year 1732.

This epiſtle was written after a violent outcry againſt our author, on a ſuppoſition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taſte. He juſtified himſelf upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington, [vol. vi. lett. xxvi. of *Letters to and from ſeveral perſons*;] at the end of which are theſe words: "I have learned, that there are ſome who would rather "be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to at-"tack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the "quiet poſſeſſion of their idols, their groves, and their high "places, and change my ſubject from their pride to their mean-"neſs, from their vanities to their miſeries; and as the only "certain way to avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and "not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my "next, make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones."

Ver. 9. *Opine*,] A term ſacred to controverſy and high debate.

Then

Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of men;
To squander these, and those to hide agen.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past, 15
We find our tenets just the same at last:
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil. 20

B. What

NOTES.

Ver. 20. JOHN WARD, of Hackney, Esq; member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood on the pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several æras of his life: At his standing in the pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his commitment to prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man* by *fifty or sixty thousand.*

FR. CHARTRES was a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it.

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:

What

NOTES.

The following epitaph contains his character, very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than successful
In *accumulating* WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only person of his time,
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,
Retain his primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a-year;
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
O indignant Reader!
Think not this life useless to mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable designs,
To give to after-ages
A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the sight of GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds a-year* estate in land, and about *one hundred thousand* in money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like di-

What Nature wants, (a phrase I much distrust), 25
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires;
But, dreadful, too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend;
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend. 30
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid;
P. But bribes the senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriots cloak, 35
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 40
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to a distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:

NOTES.

ligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly.

Ver. 35.—*beneath the patriot's cloak,*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closetted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

Ver. 42.—*fetch or carry kings;*] In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

Ver. 44. *Or ship off senates to some distant shore;*] Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots, banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

Pregnant

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrape unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villainy! 50
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil; 56
"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? 66
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

NOTES.

Ver. 63. Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve; till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was *worth ten thousand*, another *seven thousand* a-year.

Ver. 65. *Colepepper*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Baronet; a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman; who, after ruining himself at the gaming table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.

To

To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say? Why take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat, clothes, and fire. 80
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs? 85
To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?

Can

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. *Since then*, &c.] in the former editions,
Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, gold and all.

NOTES.

Ver. 82. *Turner*] One, who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the charitable corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other expences.

Ver. 84. *Unhappy Wharton*,] A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the first epistle, ver. 177, to 208.

Ver. 85. *Hopkins*,] A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds*, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail? 90
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die, without or this or that, 95
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The

NOTES.

lie at interest all that time; he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been "in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

Ver. 86. *Japhet, nose and ears?*] JAPHET CROOK, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum; which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

Ver. 96. *Die, and endow a college, or a cat.*] A famous Duchess of Richmond, in her last will, left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats.

Ver. 100. *Bond damns the poor*, &c.] This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the direction of the Rt. Hon. Sir R. S. Sir A. G. Mr. Dennis Bond, Mr. Boroughs, *&c.* But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a Parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the House, were expelled. By the report of the committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule, 101
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love" (says Blunt with tearless eyes)
"The wretch he starves,"—and piously denies:
But the good Bishop, with a meeker air, 105
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides. 110
B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found, 115
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise: 120
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:

NOTES.

directors, replied, *Damn the poor*. That "God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is knave or fool," *&c.* were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

Ver. 118. *To live on ven'son*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.

Ver. 120.—*general excise:*] Many people, about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

Ver. 123. *Wise Peter*] PETER WALTER, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation. His wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *necessary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store, 125
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold. 130
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.
Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood, 135
" (So long by watchful ministers withstood),
" Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-borne mist, and blot the sun;
" Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
" Peeress and butler share alike the box, 140
" And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.

NOTES.

Ver. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

Ver. 127. *The crown of Poland*, &c.] The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds*; the gentleman, with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland; the lady, on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

Ver. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a dissenter, of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned, is not certain; but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.

" See

" See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
" arms!"
'Twas no court-badge, great scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city-gain: 146
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace. 150
" All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
" The ruling passion, be it what it will,
" The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155
Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heav'n each passion
" sends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends. 160
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That POW'R which bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst, 175
And men and dogs shall drink them till they burst.
Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot? 180

His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought, and sallads bless'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than bramins, saints, and sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence, 185
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noon-tide bell invites the country round: 190
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate, 195
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed). 200
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws: 205
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up:
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet: 210
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 182. *With soups unbought,*]
———dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis. VIRG.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 200. The following lines were found in the MS.
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.

To

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils; 215
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence;
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health; 225
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.
B. To worth or want, well weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n; 230
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race),
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies, 235
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord who knows a chearful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon? 240

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew fit porridge for their lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
In lavish Curio blaz'd a while and died;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And shewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

That secret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find;
Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
By G——'s goodness, or by S——'s wit.

Whose

Whose table wit, or modest merit, share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies yours, or OXFORD's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene, 245
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English Bounty yet a while may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should lords ingross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS: 250
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?
Whose causeway parts the vale with shadow rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN of ROSS," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore;
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

NOTES.

Ver. 243.—OXFORD's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford; the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Q. Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe.

Ver. 250. *The* MAN *of* ROSS:] The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost, (partly by the title of *the Man of Ross*, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription), was called *Mr. John Kyrle*. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

He

He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a-year. 280
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name. 286
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. 290
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 287. thus in the MS.

The register inrols him with his poor,
Tells he was born and died, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

NOTES.

Ver. 281. *Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!* &c.] In this sublime apostrophe, they are not bid to *blush*; because *outstripped* in virtue, for no such contention is supposed; but for being *outshined* in their own proper pretensions to splendour and magnificence. SCRIB.

Ver. 287. *Go, search it there,*] The parish-register.

Should'ring

Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296
Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end!
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung, 300
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—Alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim! 306
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king. 310
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of uselefs thousands ends.
His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."

NOTES.

Ver. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster, and elsewhere.

Ver. 305. *Great Villiers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000 l. a-year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

Ver. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke of Buckingham.

Ver. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page.

As

As well his Grace reply'd, " Like you, Sir John?
" That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
" Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd? 335
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—*B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; 340

NOTES.

Ver. 322.—*Cutler—Arise, and tell me*, &c.] This is to be understood as a *solemn evocation* of the *shade* of this illustrious Knight, in the manner of the ancients; who used to call up their departed heroes by two things they principally *loved* and *detested*, as the most potent of all charms. Hence this sage is conjured by the powerful mention of a *full*, and of an *empty purse*. SCRIB.

Ver. 339. *Where London's column*,] The monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists.

Ver. 340. *Like a tall bully lifts the head, and lies;*] It were to be wished, the *city monument* had been compared to something of more dignity; as to the *court-champion;* when, like him, it only spoke the sense of the government. SCRIB.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 337. in the former editions,
That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a tale?—A tale.—It follows thus.

There

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth:
One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church and 'change; his gains were sure,
His giving rare, save farthings to the poor.
The dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old: 350
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board. 360
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose; but thus he eas'd his thought? 365
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other vice."
The tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of *cent. per cent.*

NOTES.

Ver. 355. *Cornish*] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people. Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.

Sinks

Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit, 375
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit:
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn: 380
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight; 385
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies: 390
His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p-x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play; so bad her chance, 395
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown: 400
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 394. *And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.*]
——atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ.* JUV.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Use *of* RICHES.

The vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality, the abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. *That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is* Good Sense, ver. 39. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature, *even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all must be adapted to the* Genius *and* Use *of the* Place, *and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it,* ver. 47. *How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please* long, *if at* all: *and the best* Examples *and* Rules *will be but perverted into something* burdensome *or ridiculous,* ver. 65, &c. *to* 98. *A description of the false* Taste *of* Magnificence; *the first grand error of which is to imagine that* Greatness *consists in the* Size *and* Dimension, *instead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony *of the* whole, ver. 99; *and the second, either in joining together* Parts incoherent, *or too* minutely resembling, *or in the* Repetition *of the* same *too frequently,* ver. 105, &c. *A word or two of false taste in* Books, *in* Music, in Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and lastly in* Entertainments, ver. 133, &c. *Yet* PROVIDENCE *is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind,* ver. 169. [*recurring to what is laid down in the* Essay on Man, Epist. ii. *and in the epistle preceding this,* ver. 159, &c.] *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of* Great Britain, ver. 177, &c. *and finally the great and public works which become a* Prince, ver. 191, to the end.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV*.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, Earl of BURLINGTON.

'TIS ſtrange, the miſer ſhould his cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the prodigal ſhould waſte,
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats; 5
Artiſts muſt chuſe his pictures, muſic, meats:
He buys for Topham, drawings and deſigns;
For Pembroke, ſtatues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkiſh manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane. 10
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

NOTES.

* Firſt printed in the year 1732.

Ver. 7. *Topham*] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

Ver. 8. *For Pembroke, ſtatues*, dirty gods, *and coins;*] The author ſpeaks here, not as a philoſopher or divine, but as a *connoiſſeur* and antiquary. Conſequently the *dirty* attribute here aſſigned theſe gods of old renown, is not in diſparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretenſions.

Ver. 10. *And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent phyſicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the fineſt collection in Europe of natural curioſities; both men of great learning and humanity.

Ver. 12. *Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.*] By the author's manner of putting together theſe two different utenſils of *falſe magnificence*, it appears, that, properly ſpeaking, neither the *wife* nor the *whore* is the real object of *modern taſte*, but the *finery* only: and whoever wears it, whether the wife or the whore, it matters not; any further than that the *latter* is thought to deſerve it beſt, as appears from her having moſt of it; and ſo indeed becomes, by accident, the more faſhionable thing of the two. SCRIB.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? 15
Some demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive Fate, to punish aukward Pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide: 20
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!
You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules, 25
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate; 30
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front:
Shall call the wind through long arcades to roar, 35
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Variations.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen, have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgeman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law?

Notes.

Ver. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him comptroller of the Board of Works.

Ver. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones and the antiquities of Rome by Palladio,

Ost

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear; 40
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale; 60
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs,
Still follow Sense, of ev'ry art the soul, 65
Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW. 70
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:

NOTES.

Ver. 46. *Inigo Jones*,] the celebrated architect; and M. *Le Nôtre*, the designer of the best gardens in France.

Ver. 70. The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.

The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain, 75
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again:
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet; 80
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er— 85
Enjoy them, you! Villario, can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the Driads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views, 95
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

NOTES.

Ver. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain, You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.*] This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

Ver. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourished carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

Ver. 96.—*mournful family of yews;*] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of ever-greens (particularly yews, which are the most tonsile), as to destroy the nobler forest trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.

At

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupenduous air, 101
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town, 105
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down.
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground. 110
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene, 115
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle-bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die, in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
And swallows roost in Nilus dusty urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat; 130

NOTES.

Ver. 99. *At* Timon's *villa*] This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.

Ver. 124. The two statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*.

Ver. 130. The *approaches* and *communication* of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient.

And

And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135
These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book. 140
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted cielings you devoutly stare, 145
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite. 150

NOTES.

Ver. 133. *His study!* &c.] The false taste in *books*; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

Ver. 143. The false taste in *music*, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organist, &c.

Ver. 145.—And in *painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.

Ver. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre*,] Verrio (Antonio) painted many cielings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places.

Ver. 150. *Who never mentions hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact. A Reverend Dean preaching at court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name "in so polite an assembly."

But

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room? 155
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb:
A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there. 160
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate.
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.
Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread 170
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre;

NOTES.

Ver. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *ornaments*, (though sometimes practised by the ancients), where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced in grottos or buffets.

Ver. 155. *Is this a dinner*, &c.] The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

Ver. 156.—*a hecatomb*] Alluding to the *hundred footsteps* before.

Ver. 160. Sancho's *dread doctor*] See Don Quixotte, chap. xlvii.

Ver. 169. *Yet hence the poor*, &c.] The *moral* of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in the *Essay on Man*, Epist. ii. ver. 231, &c. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.

Deep

Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE?
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense. 180
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase;
Whose chearful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed 185
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future building, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind, 195
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;

Bid

NOTES.

Ver. 195, 197, &c. *Till kings—Bid harbours open*, &c.] The poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of magnificence and expence, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land, (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, lib. ii. sat. ii. ver. 119. vol. ii.

"Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?")

others were vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself: the proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an act for building a

Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main; 200
Black to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land;
These honours, peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

NOTES.

bridge passed through both Houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.

See the note on ver. 18. of this Epistle, p. 280.

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MISCELLANIES.

EPISTLES to SEVERAL PERSONS.

EPISTLE I.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Occasioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS*.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, 5
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they! 10
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
Some buried marble half preserves a name;

* This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was secretary of state, but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, *viz.* in 1720.

That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust: 20
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps, 25
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore, 35
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine: 45
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage; 50
The Verse and Sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars inroll'd, 55
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?

Here,

Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass?
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy CRAGGS, (and let me call him mine),
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend; 70
"Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *Statesman, yet friend to Truth!* &c.] It should be remembered, that this poem was written to be printed before Mr. Addison's *Discourse on Medals*, in which there is the following censure of long legends upon coins. "The first fault I find with "a modern legend is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the "whole side of a medal over-run with it. One would fancy the "author had a design of being Ciceronian—but it is not only the "tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with; suppos-"ing them of a moderate length, why must they be in verse? "We should be surprised to see the title of a serious book in "rhyme."—*Dial.* iii.

Ver. *ult. And prais'd*, unenvy'd, *by the Muse he lov'd.*] It was not likely that men acting in so different spheres as were those of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Pope, should have their friendship disturbed by envy. We must suppose, then, that some circumstances in the friendship of Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison are hinted at in this place. See vol. ii. p. 12. in the notes.

EPISTLE II.

To ROBERT EARL of OXFORD, and EARL MORTIMER*.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet ſung,
Till Death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt-beheld! and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſs'd in each ſcience, bleſs'd in ev'ry ſtrain! 5
Dear to the Muſe! to HARLEY dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great; 10
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear);
Recal thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days, 15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20
And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:
A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all paſſion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blaſt of public breath, 25
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.

* This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's poems publiſhed by our author, after the ſaid Earl's impriſonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

In

In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers the brave Man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace. 30
When int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy ev'ning-walk with bays, 35
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe);
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day;
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell that MORTIMER is he. 40

EPISTLE III.

To JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq; SECRETARY of STATE*.

A SOUL as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
And boaſts a warmth that from no paſſion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye, 5
That darts ſevere upon a riſing lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh through frontleſs flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a friend by ſervile ways, 10
Nor wiſh to loſe a foe theſe virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me: 15
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of you.

* In the year 1720.

EPISTLE IV*.

To Mr. JERVAS,

With Mr. Dryden's translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art? 20
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend?
What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:

* This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

With

With thee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade: 30
While Fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew,
Here thy well-ſtudied marbles fix our eye;
A fading Freſco here demands a ſigh:
Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare, 35
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well poliſh'd gem, the work of years *!
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſs'd, 41
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies 45
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muſe! at that name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal that embalm the dead:
Call round her tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!
Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage; 55
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurpriſe,
And other beauties envy Worſley's eyes; 60
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.
Oh laſting as thoſe colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay, 65
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;

* Freſnoy employed above twenty years in finiſhing his poem.

Led

Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more through happineſs than pains.
The kindred arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre. 70
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breath an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
And theſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE V.

To Mrs. BLOUNT,

With the Works of VOITURE.

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well natur'd, and with books well bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare;
His time, the Muſe, the witty, and the fair. 10
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till Fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
And the gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before:
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt eyes:

The

The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20
Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious comedy;
In ev'ry ſcene ſome moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native eaſe and grace,
Though not too ſtrictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to pleaſe;
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe. 30
Too much your ſex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame; 35
Made ſlaves by honour, and made fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty tyrants chace,
But ſets up one a greater, in their place:
Well might you wiſh for change, by thoſe accurs'd,
But the laſt tyrant ever proves the worſt. 40
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring ſex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning ſervant turns a haughty lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let falſe ſhews, nor empty titles pleaſe:
Aim not at joy, but reſt content with eaſe.
The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares, 50
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bliſs, a Fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and ſtate, but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart. 56
But, Madam, if the Fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing victim too;

Truſt

Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms;
Thoſe, age or ſickneſs ſoon or late diſarms: 60
Good-humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſt, and maintains the paſt.
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn, 65
A morning's pleaſure, and at ev'ning torn:
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus Voiture's * early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name: 70
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flame ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe lovers, joys his gentle ghoſt:
Pleas'd while with ſmiles his happy lines you view, 75
And finds a fairer Ramboillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide. 80

EPISTLE VI.

To the SAME,

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

AS ſome fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholeſome country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;

* Mademoiſelle Paulet.
Coronation of King George I. 1715.

From

From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever, 5
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went. 10
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from op'ra, park, aſſembly, play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the 'ſquire; 20
Up to her godly garret after ſeven,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some 'ſquire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whiſt, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds, 25
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries—No words!
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe. 30
In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recal the fancy'd ſcene,
See coronations riſe on ev'ry green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights 35
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40
So when your ſlave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headaches, or the want of rhyme),
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;

Juſt

Juſt when his fancy paints your ſprightly eyes, 45
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a tune, as you may now. 50

To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day *.

OH be thou bleſs'd with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend:
Not with thoſe toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new, 5
But like a ſieve let ev'ry bleſſing through;
Some joy ſtill loſt as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad reflection more;
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year. 10
Let joy or eaſe, let affluence or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year, 5
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or ecſtaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the ſabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come. 20

Variations.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.
And oh, ſince Death muſt that fair frame deſtroy,
Die by ſome ſudden ecſtaſy of joy;
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a ſigh of love.

* See Mr. Pope's will at the end of vol. vi. This lady, Mr. Pope's intimate friend, died in 1763.

To

To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin but poetry,
This day TOM's fair account has run,
Without a blot, to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays 5
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild-gooſe and the larks! 10
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudding!
Roaſt beef, though old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May TOM, whom Heav'n ſent down to raiſe 15
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner;
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach. 20

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
  Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
  Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
  E'er ſince our grand-dame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
  That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themſelves we book-worms name,
  The blockhead is a ſlow-worm;
The nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
  Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
  That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a worm they take their riſe,
  And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
  Thus worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are muck-worms, ſilk-worms beaus,
  And death-watches phyſicians.

That ſtateſmen have the worm, is ſeen,
  By all their winding play;
Their conſcience is a worm within,
  That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, *Moore!* thy ſkill were well employ'd,
  And greater gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the courtiers void
  The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,
  Who ſett'ſt our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
  Since worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our

Our fate thou only canſt adjourn
  Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n *Button*'s wits to worms ſhall turn,
  Who maggots were before

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

Car. THE *Baſſet-table* ſpread, the *Tallier* come;
  Why ſtays SMILINDA in the dreſſing-room?
Riſe, penſive nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you.

Smi. Ah, Madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *Alpeu.*
I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA's chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſigns which cheat the liſt'ning fair.

Car. Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As you by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſt;
One, one bad *Deal*, three *Septlevas* have loſt.

Smi. Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With eaſe the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

Car. A lover loſt, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs againſt that change prepare:

The KNAVE of CLUBS thrice loſt: Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke, this unforeſeen diſtreſs? 20

Smi. See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY ſhall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd:
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt, 25
By *cards' ill uſage*, or by *Lovers loſt*.

Lovet. Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Though time is precious, and I want ſome tea.

Car. Behold this *equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought. 30
See on the toothpick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-caſe.
Jove, Jove himſelf, does on the ſciſſars ſhine; 35
The metal, and the workmanſhip, divine!

Smi. This *ſnuff-box*— once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
When rival beauties for the preſent ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the raffle won;
Then firſt his paſſion was in public ſhown: 40
HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *ſnuff-box*—on the hinge ſee brilliants ſhine:
This *ſnuff-box* will I ſtake; the prize is mine.

Car. Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear, 45
Have made a ſoldier ſigh, a lover ſwear.
And Oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the *fatal card*.
In complaiſance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Though my own ſecret wiſh was for the *Knave*. 50

The

The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;
And the next *pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

Smi. But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing fair, 55
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An aukward thing when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown: 60
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
And, by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her stays:
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert, 65
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

Car. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore
When WINNAL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly which I cannot shun. 70

Smi. How many maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

Car. But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd? 76
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain: 80
In bright confusion open *Rouleaus* lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all Reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.

Look upon *Basset*, you who reason boast; 85
And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

Smi. What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful Love seems melting in his eyes! 90
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves—I whisper to myself, *He loves!*
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

Car. At the *Groom-porter*'s batter'd bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Marybone* bowl time away. 100
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To *Basset*'s heav'nly joys, and pleasing cares?

Smi. SOFT SIMPLICETTA dotes upon a beau;
PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at show.
Their sev'ral graces in my SHARPER meet; 105
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

Lovet. Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide:
The *equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's side; 110
The *snuff-box* to CARDELIA I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *tea*.

Verbatim

Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un jour dit un Auteur, &c.

ONCE (ſays an author, where I need not ſay)
Two trav'lers found an oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While, ſcale in hand, Dame *Juſtice* paſs'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws, 5
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame *Juſtice* weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take, (ſays *Juſtice*), take ye each a *ſhell*. 10
We thrive at *Weſtminſter* on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Queſtion of Mrs. HOWE.

WHAT is PRUDERY?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom,
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miſs *Meadows*.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature, 5
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious ſhrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and you. 10

Occaſioned

Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for BUCKINGHAM commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain, 5
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
SHEFFIELD approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little before his death.

AS when that Hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* slain,
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe:
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5
But pity'd BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier who but clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,
When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies; 10

Dennis,

Dennis, who long had war'd with modern *Huns*,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A desp'rate *bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the *Gothic* sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan, 15
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a senior who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the *Critic*'s, *Briton*'s, *Old Man*'s friend.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
And, with a borrow'd play, outdid poor *Crown*.

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;*] See *Dunciad*, note on ver. 63. b. i. vol. iii.

Ver. 13. *A desp'rate bulwark*, &c.] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 268. b. ii.

Ver. 16. *And shook the stage with thunders all his own!*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 226. b. ii.

Ver. 17. *Stood up to dash*, &c.] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 173. b. iii.

Ver. 18. *Maul the French tyrant,—*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 413. b. ii.

Ibid. *or pull down the* POPE!] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 63. b. i.

Ver. 21. *If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;*] See *Dunc.* notes on ver. 106. b. i.

There

There he ſtopp'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little: 10
Like ſtunted hide-bound trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe country-wench, almoſt decay'd, 15
Trudges to town, and firſt turns chambermaid;
Aukward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wond'rous honeſt, though of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *ſimplicity*: 20
In a tranſlated ſuit, then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk, 25
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with punk.

SONG, by a PERSON of QUALITY.

Written in the YEAR M,DCC,XXXIII.

I.

FLUTT'RING ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming; 5
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth: 10
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV. *Cyp*

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers: 15
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains. 20

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mæander*, 25
Swiftly purling in a round,
On the margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate, 30
See the bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

On a certain LADY *at* COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not

Not warp'd by paſſion, aw'd by rumour;
  Not grave through pride, or gay through folly; 5
An equal mixture of good-humour,
  And ſenſible ſoft melancholy.
"Has ſhe no faults then, (Envy ſays), Sir?"
  Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver; 10
When all the world conſpires to praiſe her,
  The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at TWICKENHAM.

Compoſed of Marbles, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where *Thames'* tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the ſhadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs diſtil,
And pointed cryſtals break the ſparkling rill,
Unpoliſh'd gems no ray on Pride beſtow, 5
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great Nature ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the mine without a wiſh for gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly penſive, ST. JOHN ſat and thought; 10
Where *Britiſh* ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' MARCHMONT's ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 6. in the MS.

You ſee that iſland's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels no tyranny.

Ver. 11. in the MS.

To Wyndham's breaſt the patriot-paſſions ſtole.

EPI-

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES EARL of DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam in Sussex.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, died.
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay, 5
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate, and pity too.
Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease. 10
Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too; 5
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny? 10
Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT; at the church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV. On

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ;
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath

VARIATIONS.

It is as follows, on the monument in the Abbey erected to Mr. Rowe and his daughter.

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust,
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere.

Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt! 5
Bleſs'd in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

VARIATIONS.

To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never BRITON more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſs'd, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To theſe ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life!
The childleſs parent, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inſcribes this monumental ſtone,
That holds their aſhes, and expects her own.

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this epitaph,

" This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The ſacred duſt below
" Was DRYDEN once: The reſt who does not know?

which the author ſince changed into the plain inſcription now upon it, being only the name of that great poet.

J. DRYDEN.
Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus Maij 1, 1700.
JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

VI. On

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd;
No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown, 5
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd!
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd. 10

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY *, and of his sister MARY, erected by their father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great:
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere, 5
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of humankind:
Go live! for heav'n's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine. 10

* See lett. 18. of *Letters to and from Mr. Digby*, vol. v.

And thou, bless'd Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known! 15
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give! 20

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes honours, poets lays, 5
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 7. Imitated from the famous epitaph on Raphael,
" Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci
" Rerum magno parens, et moriente, mori."

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of humankind.
Oh born to arms! Oh worth in youth approv'd!
O ſoft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear, 5
And the gay courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial ſpirit, or thy ſocial love!
Amidſt corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave ſome ancient virtues to our age: 10
Nor let us ſay, (thoſe Engliſh glories gone),
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Eaſthamſted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt man:
A poet, bleſs'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe, 5
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died. 10

XI. On

XI.

On Mr. GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate, 5
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust; 10
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAAC NEWTONUS:

QUEM IMMORTALEM
TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, CÆLUM:
MORTALEM
HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

XIII. On

XIII.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Bishop of ROCHESTER;

Who died in exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him*.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N!
—He said, and died.

* See lett. xxv. of *Letters to and from Dr. Atterbury*, vol. v.

XIV. On

XIV.

On EDMUND Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735.

IF modeſt youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a parent's juſteſt pride from Fate,
Or add one patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy tear, 5
Or ſadly told, how many hopes ly here!
The living virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The ſenate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet ſofter honours, and leſs noiſy fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM: 10
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or ſages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the laſt tribute of a ſaint to heav'n.

XV.

For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

HEROES, and KINGS! your diſtance keep:
In peace let one poor poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

Another,

Another, on the ſame.

UNDER this marble, or under this ſill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin 5
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the mortal within:
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in God, that as well as he was he ſhall be.

EPIGRAMS.

On one who made long Epitaphs.

FRIEND! for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd;
Where ſtill ſo much is ſaid,
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

Engraved on the collar of a *Dog*, which I gave to his Royal Highneſs.

I AM his Highneſs' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe dog are you?

IMITA-

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

IMITATED in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I wou'd be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am ſick, 5
Why not when I am ſplenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores: 10
And what a duſt in ev'ry place?
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!

LIB. I. EPIST. VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax deſideror. atque,
Si me vivere vis ſanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam: dum ficus prima, calorque
Deſignatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet:
Officioſaque ſedulitas, et opella forenſis
Adducit febres, et teſtamenta reſignat.

"The dog-days are no more the caſe." 15
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt ſun and fire,
And you ſhall ſee the firſt warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together. 20
My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his plumbs.
"Pray take them, Sir,—enough's a feaſt: 25
"Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt."—
What, rob your boys? thoſe pretty rogues!
"No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye. 30
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is, or ſhou'd 35
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Quod ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, et ſibi parcet,
Contractuſque leget: te, dulcis amice, reviſet
Cum Zephyris, ſi concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes,
Tu me feciſti locupletem. Veſcere ſodes.
Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultus donat quæ ſpernit et odit:
Hæc ſeges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratus?
Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent æra lupinis!

Now

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free; 40
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye, 45
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer-sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain. 50
A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house 55
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cry'd, "You 'scape not so,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation; 60
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:

Dignum præstabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.
Forte per angustam tenuis nitidula rimam
Repserat in cumeram frumenti; pastaque, rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno;

NOTES.

Ver. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himself and the public upon his *Rape of the Lock*, vol. 1.

Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please, 65
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me),
My bread, and independency! 70
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, paterque
Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens:
Inspice, si possum donata reponere lætus.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * *

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, *etc.*

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *Craggs and Child,*] Mr. Craggs gave him some South-sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity.

BOOK

BOOK II. SAT. VI.

The First Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. SWIFT: the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood 5
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store,
' But here a grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die; 10
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
' To me and to my heirs for ever.
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
' By any trick, or any fault;
' And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15
' And not like forty other fools:
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other acre:

LIB. II. SAT. VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. auctuis, atque
Di melius fecere. bene est nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!

" Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
" Direct my plough to find a treasure :" 20
' But only what my station fits,
' And to be kept in my right wits.
' Preserve, Almighty Providence !
' Just what you gave me, Competence :
' And let me in these shades compose 25
' Something in verse as true as prose ;
' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
' Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.'
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent ; 30
Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35
" Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas ;
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found : 40
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret ! ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum marcatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: si, quod adest, gratum juvat : hac prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et cetera præter
Ingenium ; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
Quid prius illustrem satiris musaque pedestri ?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.
Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores

" Good

" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away, 45
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round.
Chequer'd with ribands blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between? 50
Some wag observes me thus perplext,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
" To justle here among a croud."
Another in a furly fit, 55
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
" So eager to express your love,
" You ne'er consider whom you shove,
" But rudely press before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 60
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd, 65
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my int'rest for a place—

Instituunt, (sic Dis placitum), tu carminis esto
Principium: Romæ sponsorem me rapis: Eia,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urgue:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Postmodo, quod mî obsit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.
Quid vis, insane? et quas res agis? improbus urget
Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar. at simul atras

A hun-

A hundred other mens affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
"Without your help the cause is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider 'tis my first request.—"
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:—
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please; 80
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four),
Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?" 90

Ventum est Esquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras,
De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his, cura, Mæcenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: si vis, potes, addit; et instat.
Septimus octavo proprior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro par
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent;
Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam

Or

Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country-ſigns;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains 95
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs. 100
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great, 105
"Always together *tête à tête*;
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court; 110
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechiz'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?" 115
'Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?
"'Tis now no ſecret"—I proteſt
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?" 120

Invidiæ noſter. Iudos ſpectaverit una:
Luſerit in campo: fortunæ filius, omnes.
Frigidus a roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet),
Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes di exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa, Triquetra

And,

And, though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh could I ſee my country-ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon ſet before 'em,
The grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,

Prædia Cæſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem ultique ſilenti.
Perditur hæc inter miſero lux; non ſine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur olufcula lardo?
O noctes cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipſe meique,
Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit lætius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,

A neigh-

A neighbour's madneſs, or his ſpouſe's,
Or what's in either of the Houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern, 145
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of merit, or a miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends? 150
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos:*
Name a town-life, and in a trice, 155
He had a ſtory of two mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the fable)
A country mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a town-mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a farmer might a lord. 160
A frugal mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute,*
He brought him bacon (nothing lean), 165
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;

Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quæ ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arellî
Solicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;
Aſper, et attentus quæſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi

Cheeſe,

Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring. 170
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat.
And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.
" But Lord, my friend, this savage scene! 175
" For God's sake, come, and live with men:
" Consider, mice, like men, must die,
" Both small and great, both you and I:
" Then spend your life in joy and sport,
" (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)" 180
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn;
('Twas on the night of a debate,) 185
When all their Lordships had sat late.
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;

Frusta dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cœna
Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat

Tell

Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls; 190
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red; 195
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſat *tête à tête*.
Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
" *Que ça eſt bon! Ah goutez ça!*
" That jelly's rich, this malmſey healing,
" Pray, dip your whiſkers and your tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain?
He ſtuffs, and ſwills, and ſtuffs again. 205
" I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
" To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.
" I have a thouſand thanks to give—
" My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the hall 210
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
" A rat, a rat! clap to the door!"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

Nox medium cœli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos;
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula cœna,
Que procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris,
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit lætum convivam: cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magiſque

O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to ſave them in a trice! 215
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd ſtucco has no chink.)
" An't pleaſe your honour," quoth the peaſant,
" This ſame deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow tree, 220
" A cruſt of bread, and liberty!"

Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus, tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait, et valeas: me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

BOOK

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *number five* direct your doves,
There ſpread round MURRAY all your blooming loves;

LIBER IV.

ODE I.

Ad VENEREM.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
Rurſus bella moves? parce, precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ. deſine, dulcium
Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juventum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,

Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the miſtreſs, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then ſhall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face:
His houſe, emboſom'd in the grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling loves, and young deſires;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There youths and nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.

Commeſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late ſigna feret militiæ tuæ.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyræque et Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

With

With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
  For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
  The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
  And all the kind deceivers of the ſoul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
  Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
  Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſs'd in Fancy's airy beam,
  Abſent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
  And now you burſt (ah cruel) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
  Or ſoftly glide by the canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
  And now on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

Me nec fœmina, nec puer
  Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
  Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
  Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
  Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
  Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
  Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Part of the NINTH ODE of the FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the ſilver Thames along,
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spenſer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay.—

Sages and chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Theſe rais'd new empires o'er the earth;
And thoſe, new heav'ns and ſyſtems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the ſage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

LIB. IV. ODE IX.

NE forte credas interitura, quæ,
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis;

Non, ſi priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Ceæque, et Alcæi minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenæ:

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.